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{ JANUARY 2007 }

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THIS PAGE: A visit to nearby Giverny, Monet's rural retreat and an epicenter of Impressionism, was de rigueur for many American artists living in Paris (John Singer Sargent's *Claude Monet painting by the Edge of the Wood*, detail, 1885). Tate Gallery London / Art Resource, NY.

COVER: During the 40-year campaign of terror, San Sebastián, a cosmopolitan resort town on the Bay of Concha, in Basque Country, was regarded by some outsiders as a "scary place—another Beirut." No longer. Christopher Anderson / Magnum Photos.

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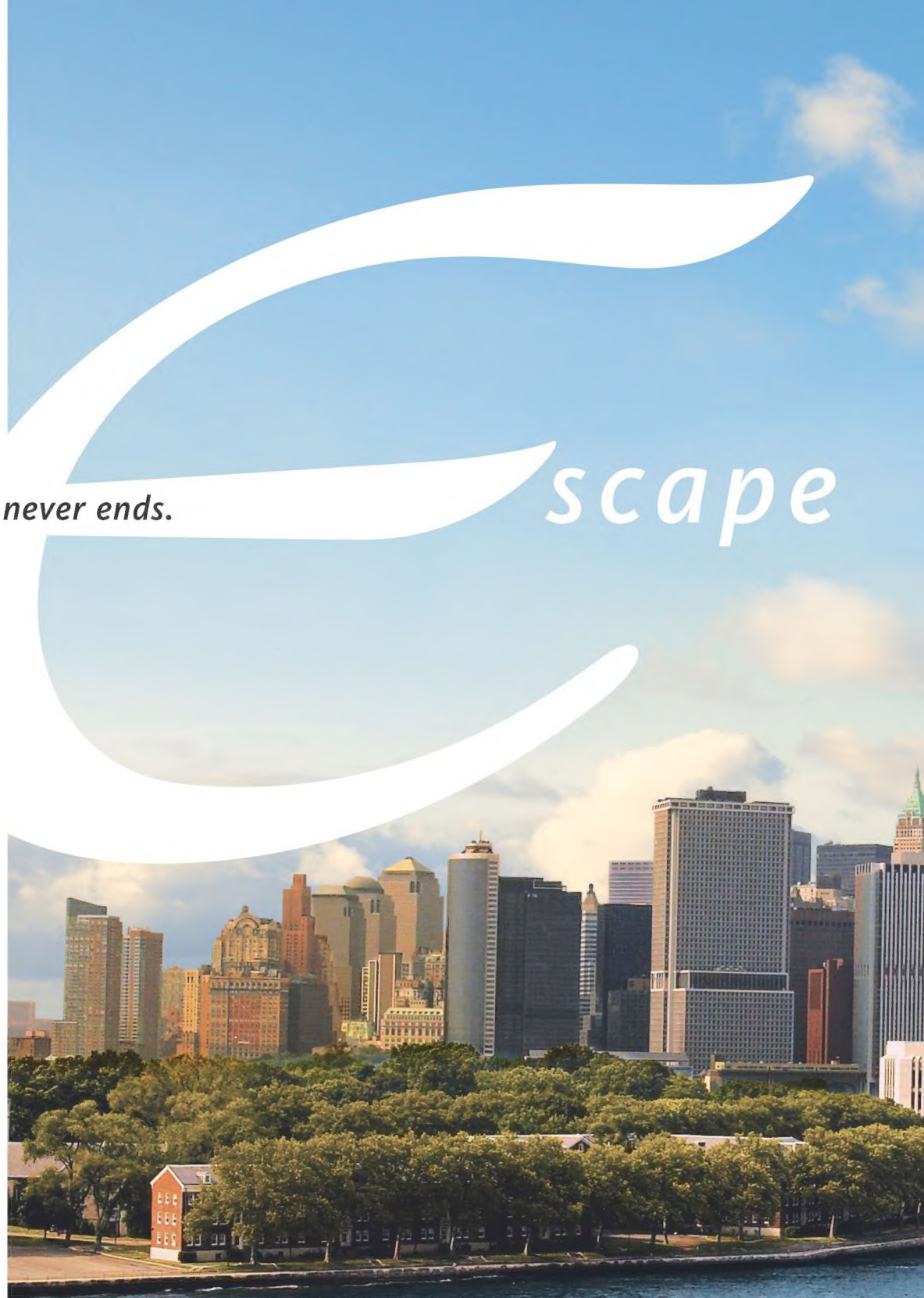

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Smithsonian departments

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The pronghorn is arguably the world's fastest land animal: though a cheetah could beat it in a hundred-yard dash, the pronghorn would likely prevail at 400-meters and in a one-mile race, which it would finish in about a minute.

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THIS PAGE: Each fall, pronghorns in Grand Teton National Park embark on the longest terrestrial migration in the contiguous United States, to their winter range some 120 miles to the south. Photograph by Joe McDonald.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Travelin' Man

Nailing stories from Timbuktu to the Basque Country **BY CAREY WINFREY**

JOSH HAMMER has written for SMITHSONIAN about the dying of the Dead Sea, the disruption of Iraq's Marsh Arabs and the preservation of ancient manuscripts in Timbuktu. In this issue the former *Newsweek* correspondent, who was based in Capetown, South Africa, writes about the Basque Country of northern Spain ("Peace at Last?" p. 42), where separatists have fought the government for decades.

Our Amy Crawford reached Hammer by telephone in Kabul, Afghanistan, to ask about his travels in the Basque Country.

How can you mix terrorism and tourism in the same story?

Hammer: I tried to weave the two together, because that's what the Basque Country is about: a very compelling mix of the best of Europe with this underlay of terrorism and a very violent past. The fact that you have had ongoing terror in this beautiful, civilized part of the world was fascinating to me.

Hammer: Fascinated by terror in the midst of beauty.

Why has Basque culture remained so distinct?

Hammer: Parts of Basque Country are very Spanish—San Sebastián, for example—but you get to a place like Ordizia, and the mountains give it a kind of isolation that the rest of Western Europe doesn't have. It's a very small area, but you go from one corner to another in half an hour and you're in a different world.

Was there a most memorable moment?

Hammer: Aitor Aguirre, a former jai alai player, took me to this incredibly seedy stadium filled with people who looked like they'd been sitting in the same tobacco-stained chairs for 60 years. At three o'clock on a weekday afternoon, these guys were wagering hundreds of dollars on jai alai. It was just *weird*.

TWO SMITHSONIAN STORIES were selected for *The Best American Science and Nature Writing 2006*: "Future Shocks," by Kevin Krajick, about the science of earthquake prediction, and "Out of Time," by Paul Raffaele, about his visit to a remote Amazon tribe. Marya Hornbacher won an ASCAP Deems Taylor Award for "Return of a Virtuoso," her article about jazz musician Oscar Peterson. And Craig Canine's article about efforts to improve on the world's most popular fruit, "Building a Better Banana," received a 2006 AAAS Science Journalism Award from the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Congratulations to all.

PHOTO CONTEST ENTRIES are due by 2 p.m. (Eastern time) January 4, 2007, at Smithsonian.com. And may the best shot win!

LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **NOVEMBER** ISSUE

To the best of my knowledge, only the Mayflower Compact ("Pilgrims' Progress") united religious leaders, military men, merchants and servants. Pilgrim father William Brewster's name stood alongside the servant John Howland's. Alas, gender bias still ruled, but it was a first step toward the realization that we are all in this together.

GEORGE LARSON II RENO, NEVADA

BONDING WITH BONOBOS

THE PRIMATOLOGIST Robert Yerkes was my father, and I was 11 years old when (in August of 1923) he acquired Chim, a primate who years later would be identified as a bonobo ("The Smart and Swinging Bonobo"). He came to our family's summer place, a farm in New Hampshire. Early one morning we drove about 25 miles to Concord to meet the night train from New York. The dealer who sold Chim to my father got off the train with Chim under one arm and a commonplace little female chimpanzee, Panzee, in the other. For the rest of the summer I worked with my father, learning about the two animals.

Chim was a wonderful playmate—bright, endlessly energetic, good-natured and full of curiosity. On nice days we would take the two up to a pasture where Chim delighted in climbing to the top of small birches until they bent over and he could ride them down to the ground. When cows appeared, he would stand on top of a stone wall and beat his chest making threatening noises. My time with Chim instilled a lasting interest in bonobos.

DAVID NORTON YERKES
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONE PART of the sidebar, "Speaking Bonobo," disturbed me. Linguist Geoffrey Pullum argues that language isn't "human" unless it includes abstract ideas and questions. Animals (nonhuman animals, of course) can only signal "a direct emotional state or need," Pullum says. Under his definition my autistic son's speech would not be considered human. I believe that 99 percent of human speech is dedicated to emotional states and needs, just like that of animals (I'm hungry, I'm angry, I want this). Even the sort of abstract dialogue said by Pullum to be exclusively human can be thought of as speech meant to impress potential mates or form social bonds.

SHERMAN LAMBERT
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MIGHTY MEMORIES

"R.I.P., MIGHTY O," about the aircraft carrier *Oriskany* turned into an artificial reef, brought back memories of the making of *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*. I was aboard the *Oriskany*'s sister ship, USS *Kearsarge*, during the filming when the *Oriskany* developed mechanical problems and had to return to port for repairs. The filming was transferred to the *Kearsarge*—her number 33 painted out and replaced with *Oriskany*'s number 34—and completed in about ten days. I don't know if the *Kearsarge* ever received any recognition for its part. The ship had been scheduled to return to port, and the extension of the *Kearsarge*'s time at sea did not sit well with her crew and air group.

ROBERT B. JOHNSON
MESA, ARIZONA

I'VE HAD A LONG connection with the USS *Oriskany*. As a young boy I was living in Brooklyn in 1943 when her keel was laid down. After graduating from Navy boot camp in San Diego, I was assigned to the ship in 1964, and I made three East Asia tours aboard her. I have memories of Commander Stockdale as one of the few high-ranking officers who was always courteous and caring to enlisted men; of watching USS *Forrestal* burn (we came to her assistance); of John McCain, who came to us from *Forrestal* after she burned; and of fighting the 1966 fire on *Oriskany*'s deck. I left the ship in 1968. With tears in my eyes, I saw her towed out the day she left for Port Arthur, Texas, to be dismantled. Now I have a mission—to learn scuba to see the old lady one more time.

ELLIS DUNCAN
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

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Time After Time

William Christenberry embraces the impermanent

BY CAROLYN KLEINER BUTLER

FOR YEARS, WILLIAM CHRISTENBERRY saw the Bar-B-Q Inn only with its windows shuttered. When he finally came upon it with its doors open and went inside, he found a bartender who was affable but somewhat bemused that the skinny, clean-cut stranger would be interested in an old juke joint. Yet Christenberry kept going back, for more than 20 years.

"I was in love with the proportions of the building," he says in his muted Alabama drawl. Beyond that, there was "its meaning in that neighborhood" come nightfall—"as a wonderful gathering place where people came and relaxed, shot the breeze, listened to music." One day in 1971, Christenberry stood in the middle of the road and snapped pictures with his Brownie camera, pausing only to dodge the occasional car. Over the years, he traced the mark of time on the Bar-B-Q Inn (eventually trading his Brownie for a large-format camera) until, in 1991, only a concrete slab remained.

"Just like that, I lost one of my favorite subjects," he says.

An open-air carwash now sits on the site, in Greensboro, Alabama, but there are still plenty of what his mother once affectionately called "those rusted, worn-out, bullet-ridden places" in surrounding Hale County. Christenberry, now 70, spent the summers of his youth there, fishing and picking cotton on his grandparents' farms. As an adult—after he had moved away to pursue a career as an artist—he began to see in those places something beyond nostalgia.

"There's a sense of loss, of coming to a place you've been visiting for years and realizing that something you took as permanent isn't," says Eleanor Harvey, chief curator at the Smithsonian American Art Museum, home to "Passing Time: The Art of William Christenberry," which runs through July and coincides with the release of a new catalog of his multimedia work.

Christenberry initially shot his Hale County photographs as color references for paintings, but they became artworks unto themselves, in his mind and in others'. "His images fit at an interesting crossroads between photography as a kind of documentary tool and photography as a high, metaphorical art form," says Harvey. Color photography, she notes, was not highly regarded when he started making his Brownie prints, but his work inspired such peers as William Eggleston—who shot in black and white until he met Christenberry in the early 1960s—to push the medium further.

Christenberry was born in Tuscaloosa in 1936, the same year that Walker Evans and James Agee came to Hale County to take photographs and interview residents for what would become *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, their classic study of Depression-era sharecroppers. Christenberry had already trained as an Abstract Expressionist painter when he chanced upon a reprint of the book in a Birmingham store in 1960.

"I flipped through it and said, 'My goodness, I know some of these people,'" he recalls. The vision expressed in the book—through both Evans' images and Agee's mix of poetry, prose and journalism—inspired Christenberry to take a fresh look at the architecture and artifacts of his youth. "It just seemed to me, then and now, quite a discovery" of deep meaning in a familiar landscape, he says.

In 1961, Christenberry left Alabama for New York City, where he went through six jobs in a year—including stints as a church janitor and an art gallery gopher, and a single day as a guard at the Museum of Modern Art—before finally working up the nerve to contact Evans. Then an editor at *Fortune*, Evans invited him in for a chat, got him a job in the Time-Life photo library and eventually became a friend and mentor. In 1968, Christenberry moved to Washington, D.C., where he teaches drawing and painting at the Corcoran College of Art and Design. But he returns to Hale County for several weeks every summer to visit family members, take pictures and recharge his batteries. The Deep South's cemeteries, gourd trees, road signs and weatherbeaten buildings have remained the focus of his work.

"Being away from it gives me a perspective I wouldn't have otherwise," Christenberry says in the bright, loft-like studio behind his house, which is decorated with his paintings, sculptures and a large wall of signs that he has "appropriated" over the years, including ads for Grapette Soda and Tops Snuff. "I've taken pictures of other things, but they're very pedestrian. . . . They don't resonate for me with the same feeling that I experience when I'm looking at my subjects in my territory."

Lately, however, the artist has become unsure of what he'll find when he goes home to Alabama. "Sadly, for me, a lot of the true vernacular architecture is rapidly disappearing," he says. "What you often see, much to my disdain, is a mobile home—a flat-roof, aluminum-sided building—move in. And it'll have to be a whole other generation of artists that, in time, might be interested in those."

"I was in love with the proportions of the building," says the photographer (above) of the Bar-B-Q Inn (opposite). He visited often, in 1971 (top), 1989 (far left) and 1991.

WILLIAM CHRISTENBERRY (3); MOLLY ROBERTS

CAROLYN KLEINER BUTLER, *a journalist in Washington, D.C., wrote on Ernest Withers for "Indelible Images" in April 2005.*

WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

THAT'S DEEP

Where to look for new forms of life? Scientists who descended almost two miles into a South African gold mine—besting previous searches for subsurface organisms by a mile and a half—discovered bacteria that survive on energy from uranium. Other bacteria are known to harness radiation, but this finding deepens our understanding of where life can occur on Earth. It also ratchets up the possibility that similar life-forms exist on Mars, which may also have uranium and deep pockets of water.

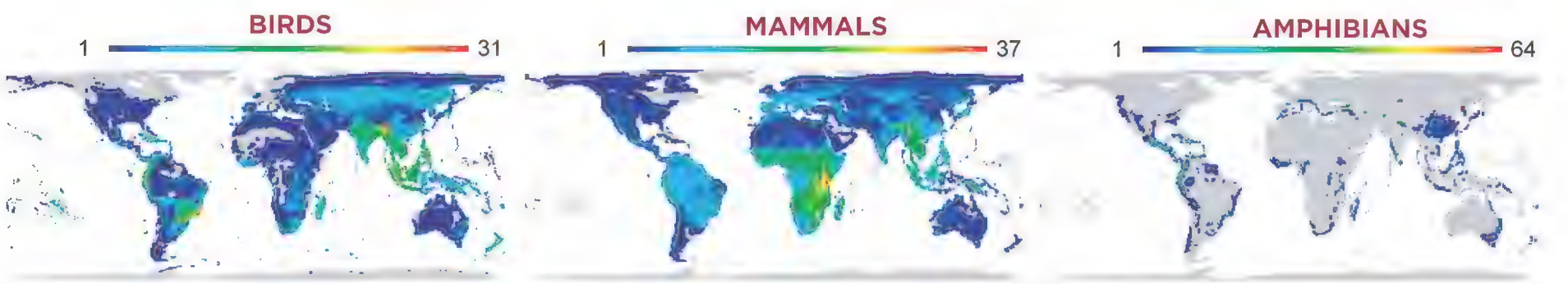
ORIGIN OF SPECIES (CONT.)

Plants may seem to lead simple lives, but their genes can be a blooming confusion. Consider a sunflower that lives in the desert (above). A Kansas State University study found that its genes bear an unusual abundance of transposons—"jumping" pieces of DNA that multiply and insert themselves into new places in the chromosomes. Why all the genetic hubbub? The sunflower started out as a hybrid, and transposons may have kept it from crossbreeding with other plants, allowing it to become an established species in its own right.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MAURICIO ANTÓN; DAVID P. HALL / CORBIS; BLANCA HUERTAS / ASSOCIATED PRESS; JUSTIN RUNYON / COURTESY OF DE MORAES AND MESCHER LABS; RANDY MAY

FULL BODY LOTION

Amphibians lose water through their thin skin, so most prefer to stay wet. But the South American monkey frog (below) and some other tree frogs can endure sunlight and dry air for long periods. They secrete a waxy substance from specialized skin glands and use their legs to smooth it over their bodies. Because the animals then close their eyes and sit perfectly still, scientists had long thought the frogs were in a hibernation-like state. But new University of Florida research shows that such frogs aren't dormant after all: their metabolic rate is normal, and they snatch up passing insects. Apparently the frogs freeze to preserve their natural moisture-saving film.



CONSERVATION'S BIG PICTURE

The first detailed world maps of threatened birds, mammals and amphibians (above, colors indicate the number of species under threat) show that the creatures are in trouble in different places. The work, published in *Nature*, underscores that conservation strategies need to be tailored for different types of animals.

NAME: *Xiphophorus birchmanni*, aka the northern swordtail fish, native to Central America and an aquarium mainstay
MALE PREFERS: to court by raising his sail-like dorsal fin as high as it can possibly go
FEMALE PREFERS: a male with a small dorsal fin
SAY WHAT? It's true—she doesn't want what he's advertising, a new study found. So why does the male keep flashing his dorsal fin? To scare off rivals, say Boston University researchers Heidi Fisher and Gil Rosenthal. Thus male competition trumps female choice. Biologists refer to it as intrasexual selection, but others might say it's just another Saturday night.

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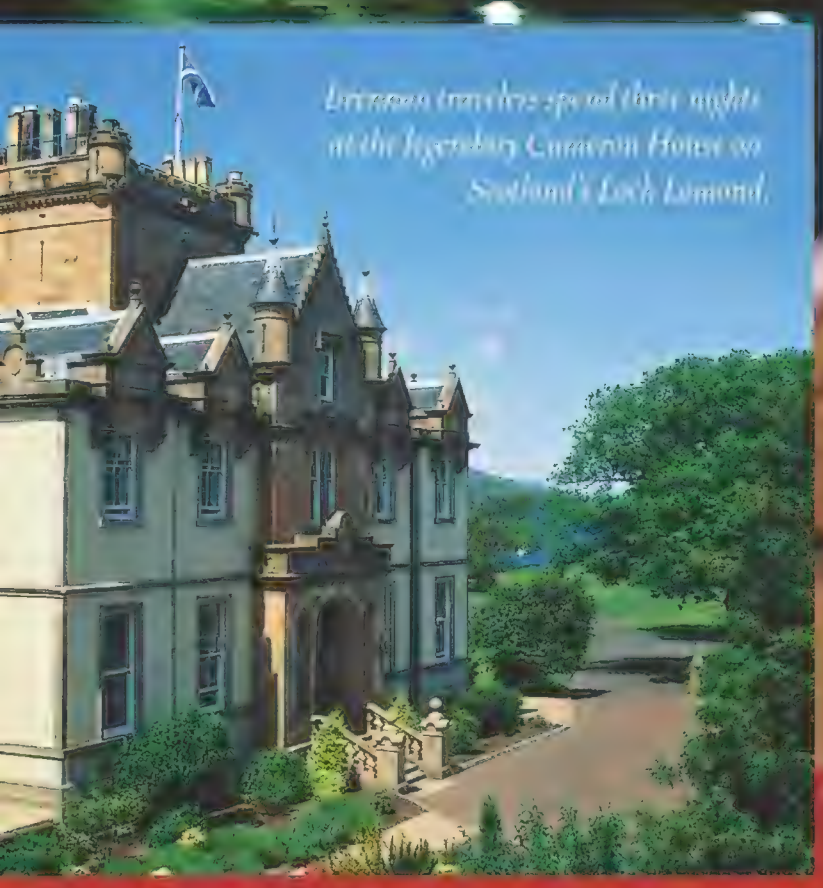

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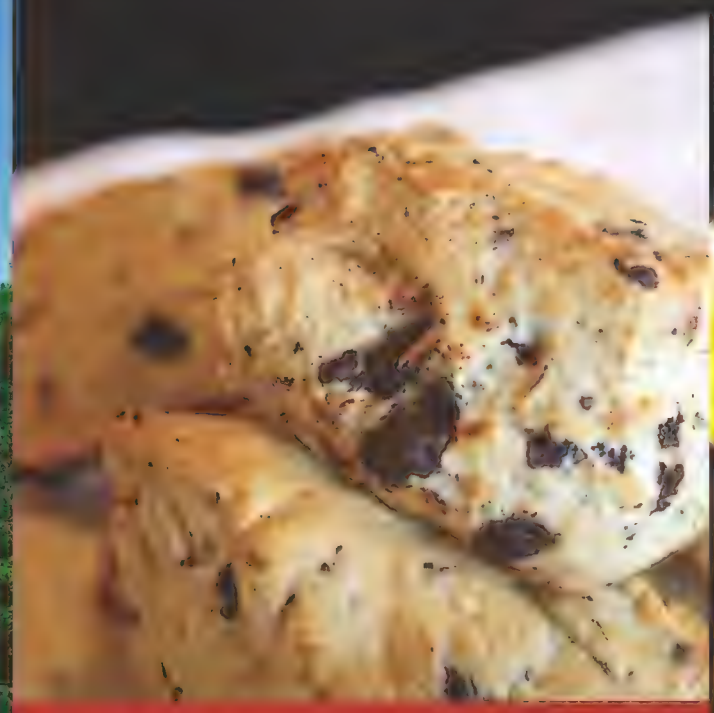

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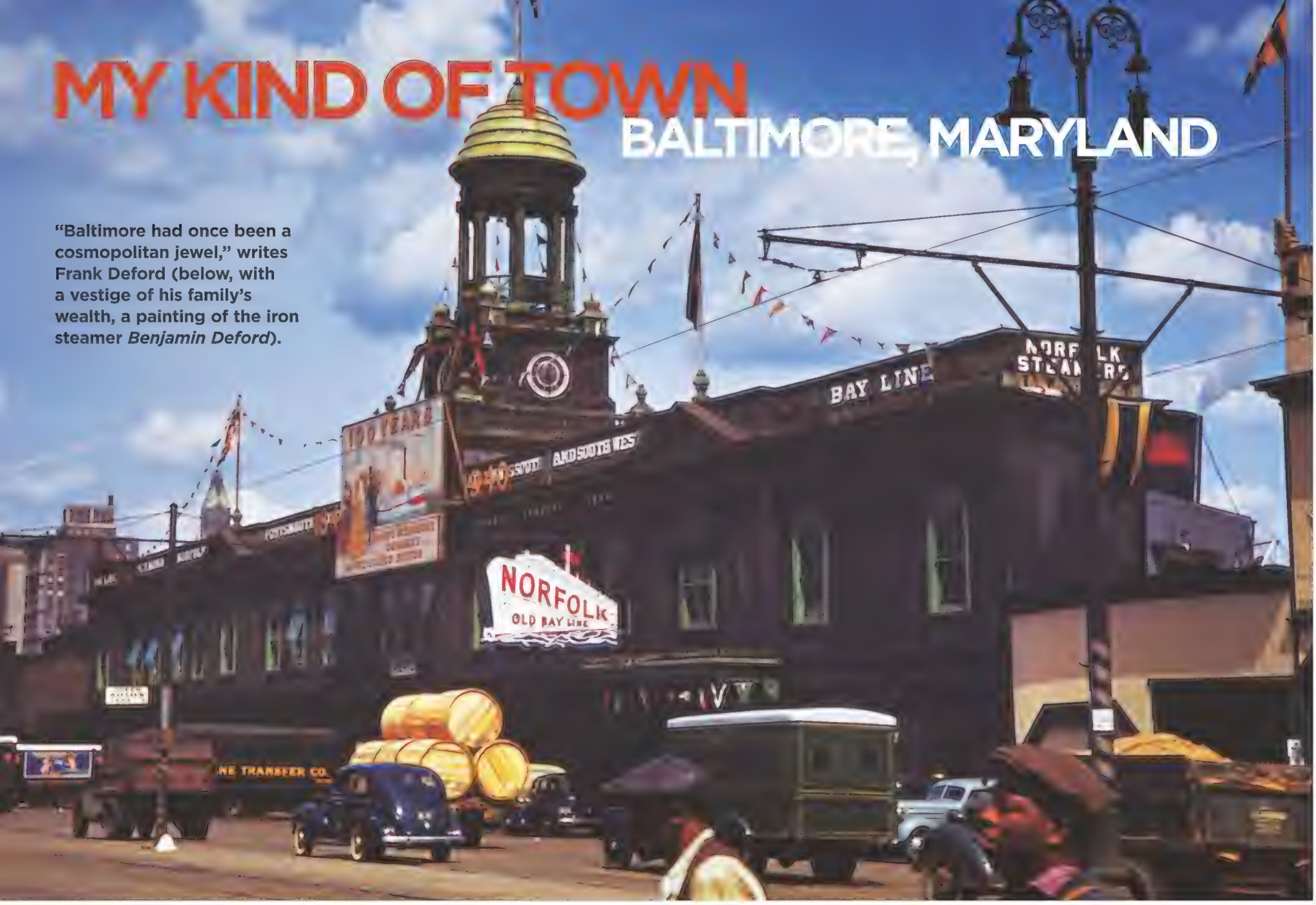
MY KIND OF TOWN

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



"Baltimore had once been a cosmopolitan jewel," writes Frank Deford (below, with a vestige of his family's wealth, a painting of the iron steamer *Benjamin Deford*).

Bleeve it, hon

The tentative city the sportswriter grew up in has regained a bit of swagger **BY FRANK DEFORD**

IF YOU WILL FORGIVE ME, a word about myself first. I came from Baltimore, and I came from money. The Defords owned a big leather company. My father was born in a house so large that when the family sold it, no private owner would buy such a monstrosity of a home; it became a nunnery. The last of all this splendor is visible today over the fireplace in our house in Connecticut; it is a painting of the great iron steamer, the *Benjamin Deford*, which carried the family leather, creating the family largesse, to Norfolk and Boston and exotic ports beyond.

CHARLES W. CUSHMAN PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION / INDIANA UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES; LANDON NORDEMAN / GETTY IMAGES

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CARIBOU COFFEE

Alas, the Deford Leather Company came a cropper during World War I. It happens to the best of family companies. So, by the time I was born, our Deford abode was three small bedrooms, two baths. My father had been bred to be a gentleman farmer. Well, he took streetcars to work and raised chickens out in the backyard as a hobby, a remembrance of glorious things past. All the money was gone. So, really, I just came from Baltimore.

But, you see, the bittersweet family history tied me even more to my hometown, because it made me better identify with Baltimore. Its splendor had disappeared, too, its image tattered. Into the middle of the 19th century, Baltimore had been a cosmopolitan jewel, gateway to Dixie, harbor to the world. It was hardly just Deford leather that shipped out. Only New York City had a greater population. Pipsqueak Washington, down the road, was less than a quarter the size of Baltimore, but, of course, it was Baltimore that had saved the hide of Washington and the whole damn country when Fort McHenry bravely held off the marauding British after James Madison and Dolley and the rest of the government had turned tail and fled the li'l burning capital . . . *the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air / Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.* Yes! There over Baltimore!

No private owner would buy such a monstrosity of a home; it became a nunnery.

The Deford family abode (above) before a reversal of fortunes; the author (left) after completing basic training in 1960.

But the Baltimore I grew up in was a tentative, defensive place, only a stream or two short of a backwater. It had become the quintessential branch town; the largest employer was Bethlehem Steel—headquartered somewhere in some little hamlet up in Pennsylvania (where the big money stayed). The brand-new airport was bereft of one thing: airplanes—every respectable airline flew on to the Potomac. The harbor was a Stygian tributary leading to a humdrum skyline that was dominated by a bizarre faux-Florentine building that was topped by a rendering of an antacid fizz bottle. (And wouldn't you just know: it was Bromo-Seltzer, the runner-up heartburn remedy, after Alka-Seltzer.) It is both ironic and instructive that in the first half of the 20th century, the two most illustrious Americans to come from Baltimore were Thurgood Marshall and Billie Holiday—African-Americans who rose up out of a segregated society; so representative of Baltimore's decline was it that no distinctive white citizens emerged upon the national scene.

Also, Baltimoreans talked funny, a horribly grating nasal accent, sort of lispy, somehow produced because it was here where the harsh Bronx tones from the North crashed head-on into the softer hillbilly lilt moving up from the hollows of the Alleghenies. All sorts of dictionaries have been written, trying to capture the accent and its spelling. Here is a sampling: *Bawlmer, air hametown, is in the state of Merlin, which is bounded onna ees by the Lanick Ayshun and onna souf by air Merkin capital, Warshnin, Deecee. You better bleeve it, hon.*

Funny as it all sounds, though, the Bawlmer accent was a serious and debilitating measure of class, for as I caught on very early, a person's standing in the community could be measured by how thick his accent. It was said in England that an egalitarian society could never be achieved so long as people spoke Cockney; so too in Baltimore. The Bawlmer accent was neither good for mobility nor sweet to the ear.

When Mark Kram, a wonderful (if tortured) Baltimore writer, profiled our home sweet hometown in *Sports Illustrated* in 1966, he offered up H. L. Mencken's sweet petition as a way to pay homage to the place. To remember him, the Sage of Baltimore had suggested: "Wink your eye at some homely girl." Well, said Kram, Baltimore had itself become just such an unlovely lady. Do the poor thing a favor.

Indeed, as I quickly discovered, when I grew older and moved abroad in the land, my Baltimore was renowned for only three distinctions: crabs, the white marble steps of the city's endless cavalcade of row houses, and The Block—which was actually several blocks of Baltimore Street, a tawdry entrepôt of sin: sailors' bars, girlie shows, tattoo parlors and associated nether establishments. The most famous denizen of The Block, indeed, of all Baltimore (at least until Spiro Agnew came along), was Blaze Starr, proprietress of The Two O'clock Club, a woman whose business acumen equaled the size of her magnificent bosoms.

I myself got a swordfish on my forearm at Tattoo Charlie's down on The Block when I turned 18; I started drinking there with the demimonde when I reached 21. But then, there wasn't any part of Baltimore I didn't get to know, and when I winked at her, it was with affection, not sympathy. Withal, I dearly loved my hometown, for instinctively I seemed to understand that it was not so homely as idiosyncratic, and, surely, I thought, like my family and its lost riches, poised for comeback. (Redemption?) Somehow, too, I knew that the city had formed me in a different way than had I been born in some smug, superior burg like Washington or New York City or Boston. (I never have been able to make up my mind about

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The three best-known Baltimore writers contemporaneous with me are the novelist Anne Tyler and the film director-screenwriters Barry Levinson and John Waters. Tyler and Waters concentrate their work virtually exclusively on Baltimore; Levinson, mostly so. (The best Bawlmer accent ever realized by an outsider was by Danny DeVito in Levinson's *Tin Men*.) The devotion to things Baltimore by these storytellers best illustrates, I think, what a singular and vivid place it is. Baltimore has character and nuance, and although I may not have written about it all that much myself, I know that even though I left there many years ago, Baltimore put its stamp on me in ways I'm not so sure other more standard-issue cities could impress on their expatriates.

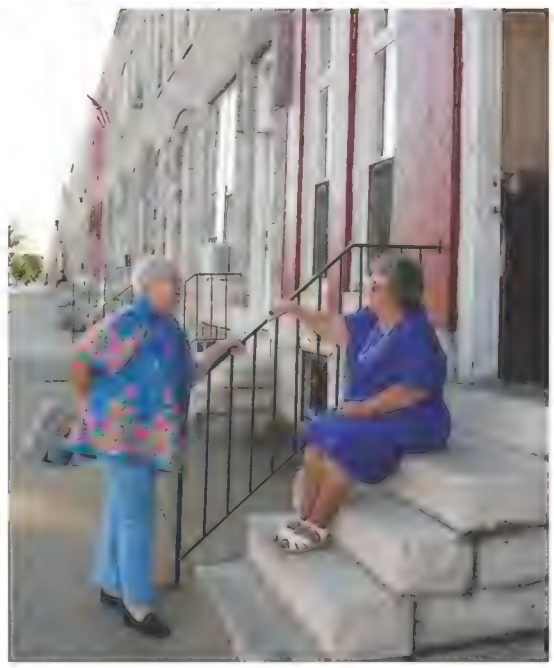
And then we became big league, certified . . .

It is not just my sports background which occasions me to say that it was games that began to lift Baltimore from its doldrums. The Orioles came back to the American League after a 52-year absence, in 1954. The National Football League was small potatoes then, but the readmission of the Colts a year earlier was almost as important to the city. After all, never mind the pros, Baltimore was the rare American city that didn't even have a major college team. The only prominence Baltimore enjoyed in athletics was in two arcane sports that almost nobody else competed in—duckpin bowling and lacrosse. Get this: duckpins was so important that before the big leagues embraced Baltimore in football and baseball, probably the single most famous athlete in town was a hefty woman bowler with the euphonious moniker of Toots Barger.

But then, very quickly both air Colts and air Orreos became winners, yea juggernauts.

The Colts first—and all the better that they were led by a near-mythical creature named John Unitas, who was working-class, like his new city, previously unknown, unwanted, our own *deus ex machina*. And when Unitas led

Baltimoreans talked funny, a horribly grating nasal accent.



For years, says the author, Baltimore was known for only three things: crabs, white marble steps and . . . The Block.

Baltimore to its first championship since the Gay Nineties, it was a classic in overtime—"The Greatest Game Ever Played!"—over the Giants of hotstuff New York in Yankee Stadium. How utterly sweet, how absolutely perfect. The Orioles took a bit longer to come to a boil, but soon they were celebrated not merely as winners, but as the classic do-right franchise. The Oriole Way. Baltimore was the standard.

The revival continued more substantively when the city's own champion of modern urban design, James Rouse, inspired the redevelopment of the harbor, refashioning the grubby wharves into a glorious promenade. New hotels sprang up. Run-down housing suddenly became the stuff of expensive condos. A fabulous aquarium was built. The more timid types thought it imperative to erect the new baseball stadium way out of town, in the southern suburbs, so the Orioles could more easily suck from the richer Washington teat. But led by a true-blue Baltimore mayor, Donald Schaefer—a bachelor equal parts zealot and eccentric—the stadium was raised downtown, just off the new Inner Harbor. Oriole Park at Camden Yards became more than a spectacular success. In its quaint, retro design, it was seminal, the single most important piece of athletic architecture ever erected in America. Virtually every baseball park since has been designed in its image.

Oh, to be sure, not all the ills of the city have been cured. There is still too large an impoverished minority population. Drugs—and the homicides casually attendant to that trade—remain more of a scourge in Baltimore than in other cities. The population of the city itself continues to decline (even as the whole area does increase), and the metropolitan shadow next door grows longer. Now, it's: *Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light . . . the Washington suburbs creeping closer?*

But even those fancy-schmancy citizens of the capital have come to admire Baltimore for its quirkiness. Hey, there's this place that's actually real only 40 miles away. *You better bleeve it, hon.* More important, Baltimoreans themselves don't seem nearly so self-conscious as they did when I was growing up there. They even revel in their idiosyncrasy now. *Hairspray*, John Waters' movie and musical, wasn't seen as ridicule, but as affection—beehive hairdos and all. This is us. We're always going to be a little unusual, a little contradictory, but a lot genuine. There is a celebrated Cafe Hon now, a HonFest. No, we'll never be big-time again. But if the sophisticates want to condescend to us, we can take it. A sympathy wink for Baltimore? No, I think Baltimore has finally learned to wink at the world.

FRANK DEFORD *is a* Sports Illustrated *senior writer and an NPR commentator.*

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QC2 headphones (left). New QC3 headphones (right).

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Paleozoic Vermont

What's the world's oldest communal ocean reef doing in the Green Mountain State? **BY DICK TERESI**

NELSON FISK, who was Vermont's lieutenant governor from 1896 to 1898, was also the owner of a quarry on Isle La Motte, in Lake Champlain. His business card read: "Isle La Motte Grey and Black Marble Quarries." He was overselling. The rock was limestone.

Fisk limestone was loaded onto boats and floated down the lake to the Hudson River and points south, where it was used in the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge and, in Washington, D.C., the National Gallery of Art, among other structures. The darker Fisk limestone came to be known as "radio black" because it was used in Radio City Music Hall. Stone from the quarry was covered with odd swirls and blotches—and therein lies a strange tale of geology, climate change and the history of life on this planet.

Those blemishes are what make the Isle La Motte stone priceless today, so much so that the quarry is no longer available to stonecutters and instead has been preserved as an outdoor science laboratory. The "flaws" in the stone are fossils, evidence of sea creatures of stunning antiquity—some dating back nearly half a billion years, when the only existing animals lived in oceans. And what incredible animals they were! There was coral, of course, but also large, tentacled ancestors of squid; trilobites, arthropods related to horseshoe crabs; and spongy, cabbage-shaped animals called stromatoporoids. Peculiar as it may sound, Isle La Motte, which is some 175 miles from the Atlantic Coast, is the best place to see one of the oldest reefs on earth.

Seven miles long and three miles wide, the island was the site of the first European settlement in Vermont, in 1666. Today it is home to about 500 year-round residents. The fossil reef, called the Chazy Reef after a town in upstate New York where this type of rock was first studied, covers the southern third of the island. What is it doing here? When the reef began to form, 450 million years ago, it lay in warm waters in the Southern Hemisphere. It thrived there for about five million years. Some 250 million years later, rotating tectonic plates deposited the fossilized reef where it is today. Other parts of the reef, which originally stretched a thousand miles, can be found all the way from Newfoundland to Tennessee. But it is in Isle La Motte where the reef best opens itself to scientific study.

Charlotte Mehrtens, a geologist at the University of Vermont in Burlington, says that in Tennessee, for example, the reef lies flatter and has fewer layers to examine. But in Ver-

PP. 26, 27 ROBERT LYONS; P. 27 CALEB KENNA; JONATHAN KIM / VERMONT GEOLOGICAL SURVEY; CALEB KENNA

Lake Champlain's Isle La Motte (top) is rich in marine fossils, some of which are 450 million years old. Once a lucrative source of limestone, the Fisk Quarry (above, far left) is now a research site where scientists study the evolution of corals, gastropods (middle) and sponges (right).

mont, it has tilted so its layers of prehistory—fossils piled upon earlier fossils—are visible horizontally; the reef does not have to be drilled or blasted to examine its different "horizons," as the layers are called. The reef's timeline is clearest in an area called Goodsell Ridge, just northeast of the Fisk Quarry.

Not long ago, Linda Fitch, president of the Isle La Motte Preservation Trust, which recently purchased the Goodsell Ridge, gave me a tour of it. As we walked across pastures from south to north, we traversed millions of years of the reef's lifetime. Fitch lifted turf from the rock in different spots, exposing fossils galore from what she describes as "the first great reef city in the world."

Construction workers often lose their lives when erecting great structures. Eleven men died building the Golden Gate Bridge. Hoover Dam claimed more than a hundred. In reefs, all the builders die: the bricks are calcium carbonate shells.

The Chazy Reef is the oldest reef in the world built by a community of organisms (a few older reefs are made up of one species only). Its foundation was built by Bryozoa, animals that preceded coral by millions of years but exist in similar forms today. The soft-bodied animals, a fraction of an inch long, resemble twigs and gumdrops in shape.

In the next horizon we find the stromatoporoids, extinct relatives of sponges. Then comes an extinct type of algae, followed by actual sponges, more algae and the oldest-known reef-building coral. The coral species found in the Chazy Reef are also extinct. Some looked like flowers, others like organ pipes or honeycombs.

In its heyday, the reef was also home to a bizarre menagerie of other marine life. Large tentacled cephalopods, ancestors of the squid and nautilus, scarfed up trilobites. Crinoids, delicate animals related to starfish that looked like flowers atop a long stem, waved back and forth in the currents. Gastropods, or large snails, proliferated—some of the fossil swirls that "mar" radio black limestone.

Linda Fitch got involved in saving the reef a decade ago when she heard jackhammers. A small company had bought the Fisk Quarry and had begun cutting stone again, the first mining there in 70 years. Fitch spearheaded a fundraising program to buy and preserve the reef land. Fitch is the niece of physicist Val Fitch, who won the 1980 Nobel Prize in Physics for discovering a kind of asymmetry in the universe. Right after the Big Bang, particles of matter and antimatter annihilated each other. But for every billion pairs of particles, there is one extra particle of matter. That tiny imbalance accounts for the existence of the observed universe: the galaxies, you, me and the Chazy Reef. "An interest in our origins obviously runs in the family," says Linda Fitch.

Ken Tobin, a geologist at Texas A&M International University, calls the reef a "warehouse of knowledge" for studying the seawater chemistry of half a billion years ago, when carbon dioxide was 14 to 16 times more plentiful in the atmosphere than it is today and the earth was so warm that it was nearly free of ice. Charlotte Mehrtens lists some of the questions the reef might answer: What did the world once look like? What was the ocean's depth, salinity and temperature?

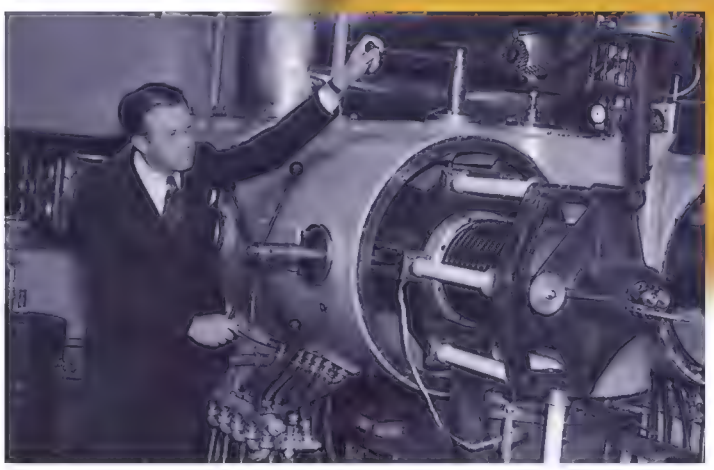
To me, the most amazing thing about the Isle La Motte reef is the variety of creatures that lived in the shallow seas half a billion years ago, lending perspective to our self-absorption with the present. We tend to see human beings as the crown of creation. Mehrtens points out that ocean-dwelling organisms dominated their world for the first 200 million years of the earth's fossil record. I for one wish we still had animals that looked like big cabbages.

DICK TERESI *is the former editor of* Omni *and* Science Digest *magazines.*

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

JANUARY ANNIVERSARIES
MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

BY ALISON McLEAN



75 YEARS AGO AROUND THEY GO

Berkeley physics professor Ernest Lawrence files a patent application January 26, 1932, for the cyclotron, a machine that accelerates nuclear particles to high velocities by using a magnetic field to send them spiraling. His "proton merry-go-round" lets scientists smash atoms and leads to the discovery of new elements and particles. Lawrence gets the patent in 1934 and the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1939. He dies in 1958, age 57.

220 YEARS AGO TAX REFORM

After five months of rebellion against Massachusetts' excessive taxes, unstable economy and harsh debt laws, 1,500 rebels led by Revolutionary War veteran Daniel Shays storm Springfield's arsenal on January 25, 1787. Fired upon, the men retreat, but the uprising galvanizes arguments for a strong federal government under a constitution—which is written that summer. Shays, charged with treason, is pardoned in 1788.

80 YEARS AGO HOOP IT UP

According to team lore, the Harlem Globetrotters first take the court in January 1927. They are a road team in the Midwest—not New York—and the name promotes the players, who are black. Soon known for trick shots and comedy routines, they will bring basketball to new audiences in more than 100 countries. As for Harlem, the team finally plays there in '68.

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50 YEARS AGO FLYING HIGH

Toy company Wham-O begins production of the "Pluto Platter," a plastic flying disk, in January 1957. Based on a design by partners Fred Morrison and Warren Franscioni that hadn't taken off commercially, the new saucer soars. Renamed Frisbee in 1958—after the Frisbie Baking Co., whose pie tins Yalies had been flying for decades—the toy will inspire nine flying-disk sports, including Ultimate Frisbee, a football-like game invented in 1968, now played competitively in more than 30 countries.

30 YEARS AGO FAMILY TIES

"Roots," a 12-hour version of Alex Haley's novelized family history, airs on television January 23-30, 1977. The story of African-born slave Kunta Kinte (John Amos, left) and his descendants sets viewership records—85 percent of U.S. families with TVs tune in—and sparks interest in genealogy and African-American history. It also launches the consecutive-night miniseries.

120 YEARS AGO CYCLE CIRCLE

On arriving in San Francisco on January 7, 1887, Thomas Stevens finishes the first around-the-world tour by bicycle, almost three years after departing. Riding a Columbia high wheeler—and taking an occasional steamer when an ocean gets in his way—he repels brigands in Constantinople, instructs the shah in Persia and pedals by parasols in Japan. His account of the trip is published that year.

FROM TOP RIGHT: ALAMY; KOBAL COLLECTION / PICTURE DESK; GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS COLLECTION; GRANGER COLLECTION (2)

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Unexplained muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. VYTORIN may interact with other medicines or certain foods, increasing your risk of getting this serious side effect. So, tell your doctor about any other medications you are taking.

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Continue to follow a healthy diet, and ask your doctor about adding VYTORIN.

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Patient Information about VYTORIN (VI-tor-in)
Generic name: ezetimibe/simvastatin tablets

Read this information carefully before you start taking VYTORIN. Review this information each time you refill your prescription for VYTORIN as there may be new information. This information does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or your treatment. If you have any questions about VYTORIN, ask your doctor. Only your doctor can determine if VYTORIN is right for you.

What is VYTORIN?

VYTORIN is a medicine used to lower levels of total cholesterol, LDL (bad) cholesterol, and fatty substances called triglycerides in the blood. In addition, VYTORIN raises levels of HDL (good) cholesterol. It is used for patients who cannot control their cholesterol levels by diet alone. You should stay on a cholesterol-lowering diet while taking this medicine.

VYTORIN works to reduce your cholesterol in two ways. It reduces the cholesterol absorbed in your digestive tract, as well as the cholesterol your body makes by itself. VYTORIN does not help you lose weight.

Who should not take VYTORIN?

Do not take VYTORIN:

- If you are allergic to ezetimibe or simvastatin, the active ingredients in VYTORIN, or to the inactive ingredients. For a list of inactive ingredients, see the "Inactive ingredients" section at the end of this information sheet.
- If you have active liver disease or repeated blood tests indicating possible liver problems.
- If you are pregnant, or think you may be pregnant, or planning to become pregnant or breast-feeding.

VYTORIN is not recommended for use in children under 10 years of age.

What should I tell my doctor before and while taking VYTORIN?

Tell your doctor right away if you experience unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness. This is because on rare occasions, muscle problems can be serious, including muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of VYTORIN.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems.

Taking VYTORIN with certain substances can increase the risk of muscle problems. It is particularly important to tell your doctor if you are taking any of the following:

- cyclosporine
- danazol
- antifungal agents (such as itraconazole or ketoconazole)
- fibric acid derivatives (such as gemfibrozil, bezafibrate, or fenofibrate)
- the antibiotics erythromycin, clarithromycin, and telithromycin
- HIV protease inhibitors (such as indinavir, nelfinavir, ritonavir, and saquinavir)
- the antidepressant nefazodone
- amiodarone (a drug used to treat an irregular heartbeat)
- verapamil (a drug used to treat high blood pressure, chest pain associated with heart disease, or other heart conditions)
- large doses (≥1 g/day) of niacin or nicotinic acid
- large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

It is also important to tell your doctor if you are taking coumarin anticoagulants (drugs that prevent blood clots, such as warfarin).

Tell your doctor about any prescription and nonprescription medicines you are taking or plan to take, including natural or herbal remedies.

Tell your doctor about all your medical conditions including allergies.

Tell your doctor if you:

- drink substantial quantities of alcohol or ever had liver problems. VYTORIN may not be right for you.
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. Do not use VYTORIN if you are pregnant, trying to become pregnant or suspect that you are pregnant. If you become pregnant while taking VYTORIN, stop taking it and contact your doctor immediately.
- are breast-feeding. Do not use VYTORIN if you are breast-feeding.

Tell other doctors prescribing a new medication that you are taking VYTORIN.

How should I take VYTORIN?

- Take VYTORIN once a day, in the evening, with or without food.
- Try to take VYTORIN as prescribed. If you miss a dose, do not take an extra dose. Just resume your usual schedule.
- Continue to follow a cholesterol-lowering diet while taking VYTORIN. Ask your doctor if you need diet information.
- Keep taking VYTORIN unless your doctor tells you to stop. If you stop taking VYTORIN, your cholesterol may rise again.

What should I do in case of an overdose?

Contact your doctor immediately.

What are the possible side effects of VYTORIN?

See your doctor regularly to check your cholesterol level and to check for side effects. Your doctor may do blood tests to check your liver before you start taking VYTORIN and during treatment.

In clinical studies patients reported the following common side effects while taking VYTORIN: headache and muscle pain (see What should I tell my doctor before and while taking VYTORIN?).

The following side effects have been reported in general use with either ezetimibe or simvastatin tablets (tablets that contain the active ingredients of VYTORIN):

- allergic reactions including swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat that may cause difficulty in breathing or swallowing (which may require treatment right away), rash, hives; joint pain; alterations in some laboratory blood tests; liver problems; inflammation of the pancreas; nausea; gallstones; inflammation of the gallbladder.

Tell your doctor if you are having these or any other medical problems while on VYTORIN. This is <u>not</u> a complete list of side effects. For a complete list, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

General Information about VYTORIN

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions that are not mentioned in patient information leaflets. Do not use VYTORIN for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give VYTORIN to other people, even if they have the same condition you have. It may harm them.

This summarizes the most important information about VYTORIN. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your pharmacist or doctor for information about VYTORIN that is written for health professionals. For additional information, visit the following web site: vytorin.com.

Inactive ingredients:
Butylated hydroxyanisole NF, citric acid monohydrate USP, croscarmellose sodium NF, hydroxypropyl methylcellulose USP, lactose monohydrate NF, magnesium stearate NF, microcrystalline cellulose NF, and propyl gallate NF.

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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PICTURES OF YOUTH

A boy in an oversize Dallas Cowboys T-shirt smiles, one arm slung over a donkey's neck. Amid a crowd of children, a girl grasps a long wooden pestle and grinds shea nuts into shea butter. In the shade of a tree, a man naps outside on a woven mat, his radio beside him. These uncommonly intimate scenes of daily life appear in a collection of black- and-white photographs by 22 children, ages 12 to 17, in two rural villages in Mali. More than 40 of the photographs are at the National Museum of Natural History through April 2007.

Chantal, a 12-year-old Malian, says of her photograph: "Sébastien and Gnasian are dressed to go out."

YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

{ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 }

The exhibit, the first at the museum to feature images by amateur African photographers, was set in motion by Nestor Hernández, of Washington, D.C., who visited Mali in 2003 for a photography show in the capital, Bamako. He also went to Damy and Kouara, farming villages near the Burkina Faso border, where he photographed the cotton harvest. Back in the nation's capital, Hernández met Shawn Davis, who had worked in Mali as a Peace Corps volunteer. By January 2005, the pair were back in Mali conducting a photography workshop, co-taught by the famed Malian photographer Alioune Bâ, for children in Damy and Kouara. (Hernández died of cancer this past May.)

None of the children had ever held a camera. Each received a point-and-shoot from the Academy for Educational Development, a D.C.-based nonprofit that employs Davis and funded the project. There was no electricity in the villages, and Davis—who'd toted more than 100 AA batteries to the sites—reminded the kids to turn their cameras off at night. "Just before you close your eyes," he said, "you have to close the eye of the camera."

The childrens' photographs are notable for the obvious ease between them and their subjects, giving the collection the feel of a vast family photo album. It's this warmth that sets the pictures apart from what Americans often see of life in Africa—foreigners viewed through the detached gaze of Western photojournalism.

Some of the photographs are so well composed it's hard to imagine the kids had never taken pictures before. People in Damy and Kouara were familiar with photography, mostly from itinerant market photographers, who charge $1 for portraits. But it was a new concept for the students to compose a picture in a rectangular frame, says Davis. He had them practice by looking through boxes cut out of paper.

Workshop students (above) photographed family members (a grandmother, below left) and village life (making shea butter).

The workshop was guided by a Malian oral tradition in which a "griot"—a person of honor in the community—records family events, politics and history through recitation and song. Thus the young photographers came to be known as "visual griots"—the title of the exhibition.

Last fall, the newly built U.S. Embassy in Bamako acquired some of the photographs. One shows an old woman sitting on a woven mat, an arm resting on her knee (left). The photographer notes in a caption, "This image is all that I have left of my grandmother." { BY KATY JUNE-FRIESEN }

Let the Collecting Begin

The National Museum of African American History and Culture isn't scheduled to open, on the Mall, until 2015. But the new museum has just acquired its first piece—a 115-year-old pew from Quinn Chapel, site of Chicago's oldest African-American congregation. Organized in 1847, the African Methodist Episcopal church was a stop on the underground railroad and helped Southern blacks adjust to urban life. The current Gothic Revival structure, built in 1890, stands on the Near South Side, a block from Michigan Avenue. Among those who have addressed the congregation are Frederick Douglass, President William McKinley and Patti Labelle. Museum director Lonnie Bunch says the pew is an appropriate first acquisition because such churches are "one of the most important elements in understanding black America." { BY KATY JUNE-FRIESEN }

FROM TOP RIGHT: NESTOR HERNANDEZ; DAVID KAMATE / NMNH, S.I. (LEFT CENTER); CHRISTINE THERA / NMNH, S.I.; TIM KLEIN

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

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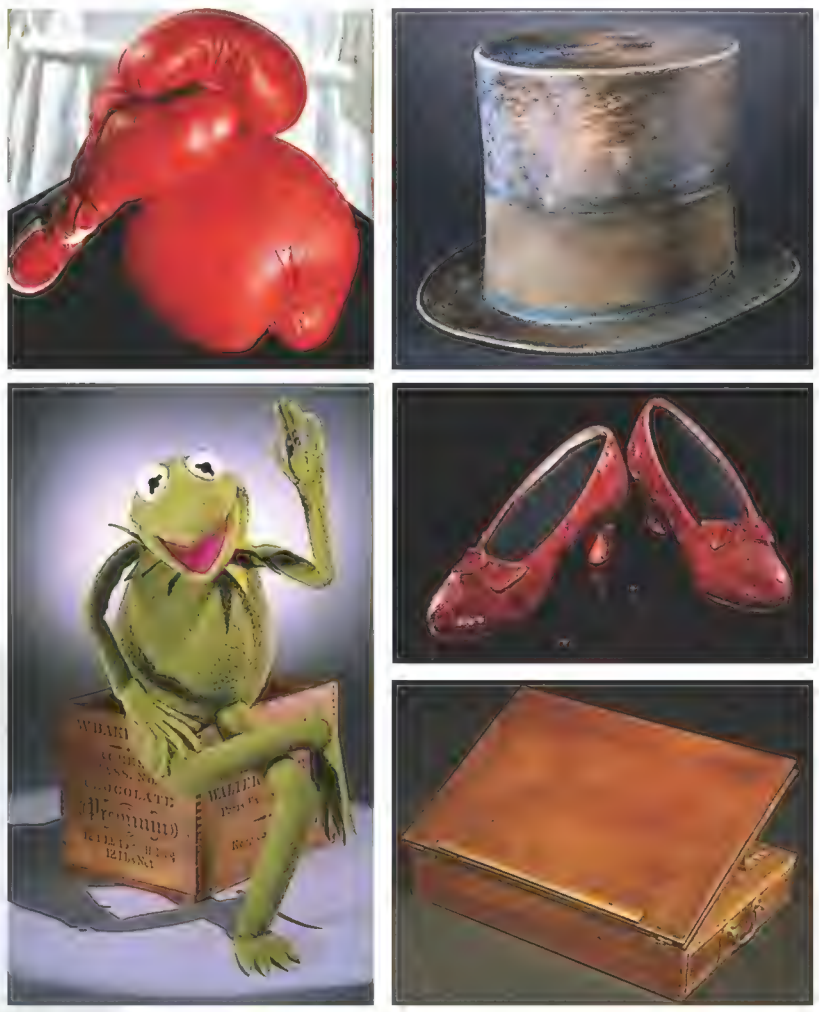
FROM THE SECRETARY | Treasures Trove

America's most singular sensations are at the National Air and Space Museum

FOR THE ONLY TIME in history, the top hat Abraham Lincoln wore the night he was assassinated is within a few feet of Kermit the Frog, and just down the hall from SpaceShipOne.

That's because Lincoln's hat, Kermit and more than 150 other iconic items from the National Museum of American History, Kenneth E. Behring Center (NMAH), which closed in September for a major architectural renovation, are now on display in a unique exhibition, "Treasures of American History," at the National Air and Space Museum.

NMAH will reopen, better than ever, in the summer of 2008. "Treasures," on view until the spring of 2008, is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to see some of NMAH's most valuable artifacts in a context that provides a dramatic overview of the entire breadth and extraordinary diversity of American history—its challenges, remarkable individuals and amazing accomplishments.



On display are Thomas Edison's light bulb (at left) and (above, clockwise) Muhammad Ali's boxing gloves, the top hat Lincoln wore to Ford's Theatre, Dorothy's ruby slippers, the desk on which Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence and Kermit the Frog.

In a single gallery, visitors see the light bulb Thomas Edison used in his first public demonstration, the desk on which Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence, Jacqueline Kennedy's inaugural gown, Dorothy's ruby slippers, the oldest extant John Deere plow and the Woolworth's lunch counter from the 1960 Greensboro sit-in, a poignant reminder of the heroism of the civil rights movement.

"Treasures" is organized in four themes: Creativity and Innovation, American Biography, National Challenges and American Identity. (A book based on the show has just been published by Smithsonian Books.) The exhibition also includes a case dedicated to new acquisitions, because even during the closing, NMAH's collections will continue to grow.

Selecting which objects would be part of the "Treasures" show was difficult, especially since an important goal for the exhibition curators was to represent the rich variety of the American story. The puffy shirt from "Seinfeld," but also General Custer's buckskin coat, is here; as is a page from the *Wizard of Oz* screenplay, plus Thomas Jefferson's personalized Bible. The last two are among a dozen or so NMAH items that have rarely, if ever, been on display.

Seeing many of NMAH's best treasures in the same building with the *Spirit of St. Louis,* SpaceShipOne and the Apollo 11 command module will no doubt inspire new realizations among visitors—new appreciations of the difficulties our nation has overcome, of our creative popular culture and of our pioneering achievements.

LAWRENCE M. SMALL
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Visit Smithsonian.com to ask the "Treasures" curator questions.

CAMERON DAVIDSON, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY (6)

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THE OBJECT AT HAND

Lakota Sled

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, NEW YORK CITY

GATHERING ROSEBUDS

Did a Native American actress inspire one of Hollywood's most celebrated symbols?

BY OWEN EDWARDS

"ROSEBUD. . . . " That final, mystifying word, uttered by dying newspaper magnate Charles Foster Kane as portrayed by Orson Welles in the film *Citizen Kane*, transformed a childhood sled, conjured from memory, into an icon of American culture. No one who grew up in a place where hills and winter snow converge would find it mysterious, I suspect, that an elderly man overwhelmed by a longing for lost innocence might recall a treasured sled.

From the first moment a child hurtles headlong (and headfirst) down a hard-packed slope, the sled embodies freedom, joy and the sheer thrill of skirting the edge of chaos. An acquisition within the collections of the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian in New York City bears witness to the universality of this experience. A late-19th-century sled fashioned from eight buffalo ribs—as simple, utilitarian and elegant as a Shaker chair—was made by members of South Dakota's Lakota Sioux tribe. Johanna Gorelick, of the NMAI's George Gustav Heye Center, says the buffalo ribs—lashed together to form runners—were once likely covered in buffalo leather. "Not only is the sled beautiful to look at," she adds, "but it's fascinating to see yet another way the buffalo was used by the Plains Indians."

Contemplating such a simple object, it's possible to understand how fundamental the bison was to the Sioux, providing food, clothing, shelter, even children's playthings. One comprehends, too, the enormity of the disaster when one of the tactics used to defeat the tribes was the systematic slaughter of the herds. Most of us can call up from memory photographic images of professional hunters, long rifles in hand, standing on towering heaps of buffalo skulls, as if those charnel mounds were natural features of the landscape. There might always be new sleds for the children of New York and New Hampshire, but the Lakota's cunningly crafted winter toy, in its small, intimate way, represents the end of a way of life.

The precise provenance of this one remains unknown, but the story of its donors is worth noting. The sled came to the museum in 1961 as the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Frantz. Alfred, born in 1908, was raised in Sioux Falls, South

A child's sled (c. 1900) is one of 77 artifacts on display for the opening of the Diker Pavilion of New York City's Heye Center.

BETTMAN / CORBIS; NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Dakota, and attended the University of South Dakota (USD). As a young man in the 1930s, he journeyed to New York City to make a name—or at least a living—for himself. He did some travel writing and managed to find work at the Institute of Foreign Travel, a publicity outlet for several transatlantic passenger shipping lines.

In 1938, when Frantz needed people to greet the Norwegian liner *Oslofjord*—at the time, young Americans met the major lines' vessels at the pier—he employed a fellow South Dakotan, an aspiring actress (inset, left). Though the two had attended USD at the same time, they had never met. Her family name—she was a Lakota Sioux—was Yellow Robe. (Her paternal grandfather had been chief of the tribe in 1876, at the time of the Battle of Little Bighorn. Her great-uncle had been the legendary warrior Sitting Bull.) An eloquent storyteller with a gift for conveying the lore and legend of the Sioux, she also had begun working for the New York City Parks Department, during the 1930s, presiding over a recreated Indian village, a summer attraction at Long Island's Jones Beach. Alfred married her in 1951. He continued to write and she continued to act, performing in theaters and dramatizing the culture of the Plains Indians. Alfred died in 1993, his wife in 1992.

Was the sled, a treasure passed from child to child in Mrs. Frantz's family, a cherished heirloom? (Do you know where your old Flexible Flyer is?) Had she herself once swooped down hills on it? The museum archives shed no light. There are fragments of information, however, so tantalizing that I've withheld them (with considerable effort) until now: in the 1930s, the young Lakota woman, according to her *New York Times* obituary, worked at CBS Radio at the same time as Orson Welles. And Miss Yellow Robe's first name? The same as the reservation from which she came: Rosebud.

OWEN EDWARDS *is co-author, with Betty Cornfeld, of* Quintessence: The Quality of Having "It."

Q&A

BRAD BIRD wrote and directed *The Incredibles*. Now Edna "E" Mode, the film's scene-stealing costumer, is at the Cooper-Hewitt's National Design Triennial. Bird spoke with Amy Crawford.

WHY WAS EDNA MODE SO POPULAR? People feel they know people like her who have an unshakable confidence in their own point of view, and those kinds of people are entertaining to watch. Other than that, I can't tell you. She's a tiny person with a very big personality, and she's just fun for that reason.

SOME SPECULATE SHE'S BASED ON COSTUME DESIGNER EDITH HEAD. DID YOU HAVE A REAL PERSON IN MIND? I have heard about 25 different names. Everyone is sure that E was modeled after someone, and yet they can't agree on who. E was probably influenced a little bit by five or six different people, but the severe unisex black do and big glasses are an affectation that several designers put on.

Edna was "fun to write," says Bird.

HOW DID YOU WIND UP DOING E'S VOICE YOURSELF? I did E for the temporary soundtrack at Pixar, and everyone seemed to respond to it. Pretty soon they just said, "Well, why don't you just do it?"

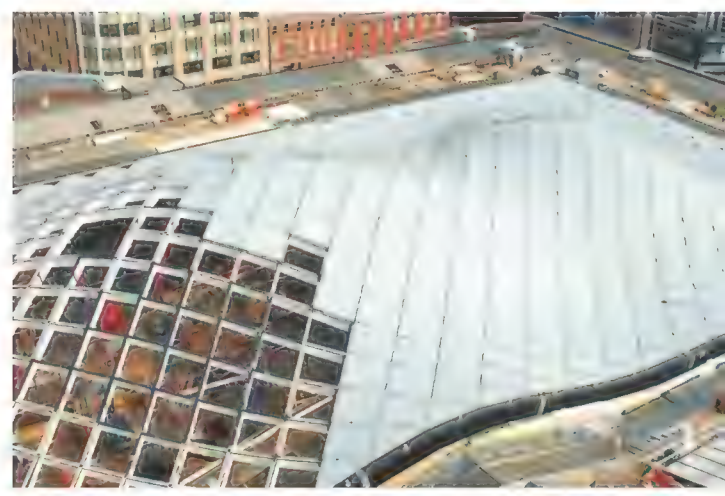
WHAT ARE YOU PROUDEST OF IN *THE INCREDIBLES*? We put danger on the screen in an intense and involving way. People told me they weren't expecting to genuinely worry about the characters making it, but the film seemed to connect on a human level even though it's a cartoon superhero movie.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING FEATURED IN THE DESIGN TRIENNIAL? I love design. The triennial points out how design is percolating underneath everything that we see, whether we know it or not. Design is one of these things that's considered elitist, somewhat high-minded and overly intellectual, and yet it's everywhere in everybody's lives, whether they realize it or not.

Visit Smithsonian.com for more of the Q&A with Brad Bird.

Who's Counting?

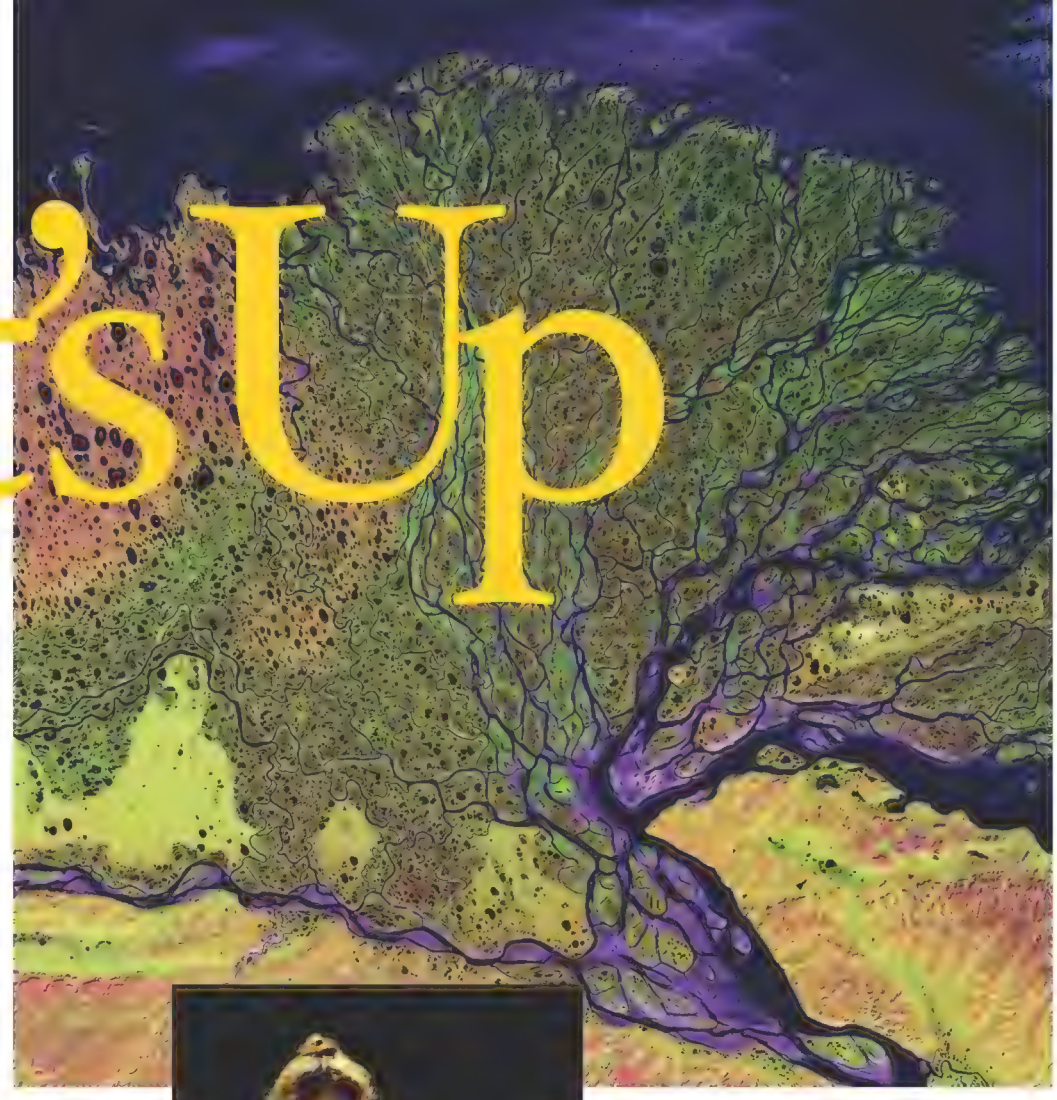
470 glass panes had been installed, as we went to press, in the Norman Foster–designed roof over the vast courtyard at the Reynolds Center for American Art and Portraiture. And there were 394 more to install before the courtyard opens in late 2007. The galleries are open now.



RIC FRANCIS / ASSOCIATED PRESS; WALT DISNEY PICTURES / ZUMA PRESS; BRENDAN MCCABE

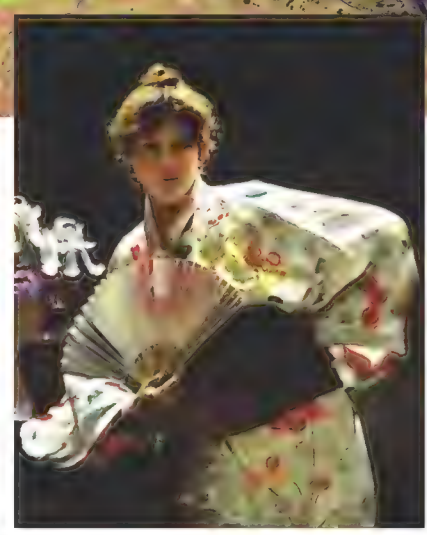
What's Up

HIGH-CONCEPT Forty photos taken by satellites (a U.S. Geological Survey image of Russia's Lena River delta from 438 miles up) reveal the often surprising structure of earthly features. At the Air and Space Museum until January 7, then traveling through 2009.



STRANGE BLOOM

Pretty? Yes. But it isn't *Bulbophyllum echinolabium*'s bright colors that attract pollinating flies—it's the putrid stench. Sniff out a few hundred live orchids at the Museum of Natural History starting January 27.



IMPRESSIONABLE

Many of the 26 paintings in the Halff Collection, at American Art until February 4 (Charles Sprague Pearce's c. 1883 *Lady with a Fan*), reflect the Gilded Age fashion for all things Japanese.

SPICY SPIRAL

Simryn Gill's first major U.S. show is at the Sackler Gallery until April 29. The Singapore-born installation artist's work is postmodern, multicultural—and meticulous. Sackler staff spent three days reassembling her 16-foot *Forking Tongues* out of dried chilies and thrift-store cutlery.

PIECES OF AFRICA

The New Orleans Museum of Art, graced with one of the nation's finest collections of traditional African works, is lending sculpture (a Congolese reliquary guardian), masks and costumes to the Smithsonian's Museum of African Art until January 28.

{ BY AMY CRAWFORD }

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: USGS / NASM, S.I.; "LADY WITH A FAN," C.1883. CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE / COLLECTION OF HUGH AND MARIE HALFF / SAAM; AMY LAMB / HORTICULTURE SERVICES, S.I.; ARTHUR M. SACKLER GALLERY, S.I.; NMAFA, S.I.

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Visit Smithsonian.com for a complete list of events and exhibitions.

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Costa Rica: Natural Bliss

Mother Nature lavished her charms on Costa Rica. Lush forests, thrilling volcanoes, pristine beaches and towering waterfalls are packed between the Caribbean and Pacific coasts in a nation about the size of West Virginia, with more than a quarter of its area preserved in a natural state. In this compact paradise, visitors can experience a variety of adventures, from the serene to the extreme, all in one vacation.

Tranquil Oasis

Whether a yoga retreat at a beachside resort or a spectacular spa near the rainforest, Costa Rica is an ideal destination for getaways designed to help you relax and de-stress. Take nature walks, swim under a waterfall, go horseback riding on the beach — your mind and body will benefit from the astonishingly beautifully surroundings. If you prefer to spend part of your vacation lolling by the pool with a good book, indulge yourself at one of Costa Rica's premier hotels, complete with breathtaking views.

Friend of Nature

Home to four percent of the world's bio-diversity, Costa Rica is considered the place where ecotourism originated. Travelers can explore a wide array of micro-climates and wildlife — from the black howler monkeys of the rain forest to butterfly gardens and more than 852 species of birds — all while supporting the preservation of the environment. An increasing number of hotels participate in Costa Rica's Certification for Sustainable Tourism Program.

Inspiring Endeavors

Experience the wonders of Costa Rica hands-on. In this wondrous atmosphere full of friendly welcoming faces, you'll be inspired to try things you may never have imagined. Take an exerting ride on a canopy zip line, or go rafting, snorkeling, kayaking, sport fishing or enjoy many other activities in an unforgettable experience that puts you in touch with the natural beauty of the country. The view is worth the hike at Mount Chirripó, whose peak is the highest point in the country. At Arenal Volcano, the action heats up with mesmerizing live eruptions. Water lovers can ride the waves on 755 miles of coastline on two oceans, where the temperature is ideal for surfing year-round.

Getting There

Located in the heart of Central America, between Nicaragua and Panama, Costa Rica is easy to reach through its two international airports with direct flights and connections from the United States. Dare to take a different kind of vacation — discover a whole new world a few hours away from home.

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Smithsonian
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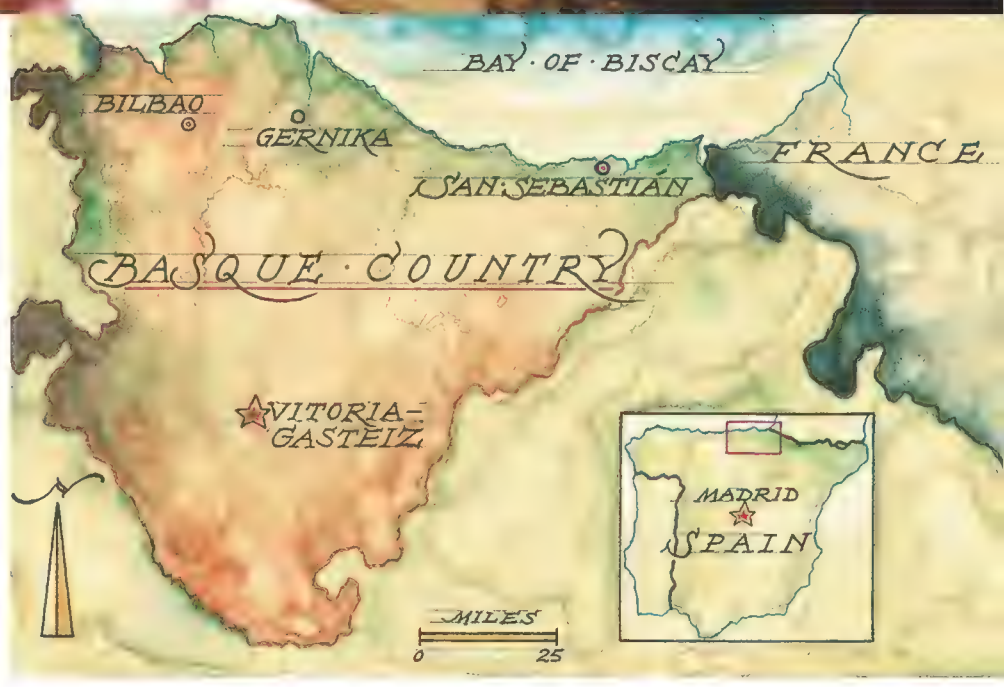
In San Sebastián (where condos dot the beach), a real-estate boom reflects a region betting on long-term stability.

BY JOSHUA HAMMER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON

Home to glittering beaches, robust wines, piquant foods and Bilbao's sparkling new Guggenheim Museum, the Basque Country of northern Spain has been riven by separatist violence for decades. Though political tensions linger, terrorists agreed to a cease-fire this past March. Will it mean

Peace at Last?

Regional wines and tapas (served at San Sebastián's Aloña Berri) lubricate an ongoing debate over new political realities for Basques.



THE FIRST BLAST reverberated through the old quarter of San Sebastián at one o'clock in the afternoon. It rattled the windows of the ornate buildings around the 18th-century Santa Maria del Coro church and sent a flock of pigeons into the sky. We were standing in a cobblestone plaza outside one of the town's most famous *pintxos*—tapas—bars, La Cuchara de San Telmo, eating braised rabbit and sipping red Rioja wine when we heard it. A minute later came a second explosion, and then a third. "Let's go see what's happening," said my companion, Gabriella Ranelli de Aguirre, an American tour operator married to a San Sebastián native, who has been living there for nearly 20 years.

I didn't know what to think. This was Basque Country, after all, the homeland of Euskadi Ta Askatasuna, or ETA (Basque for "Basque Homeland and Freedom"), which has been waging a violent campaign for independence from Spain for nearly four decades. True, the group, which has killed some 800 people and maimed hundreds more, had not carried out a bombing or shooting for three years, and momentum appeared to be building toward a lasting peace.

This past March, in a communiqué that stunned Spain and the world, the group had even declared a "permanent cease-fire" and said it was committed to promoting "a democratic process." Batasuna, ETA's political arm—which had been banned by the Spanish supreme court in 2003—has engaged in quiet talks with the Basque Nationalist Party and other Basque political parties about establishing a road map to a permanent peace. And, in another sign of changing times, Gerry Adams, the head of Sinn Fein, the IRA's political wing, and Gerry Kelly, a convicted bomber turned Sinn Fein deputy, traveled to the Basque Country last spring to give Batasuna advice on peace nego-

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CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON / MAGNUM; MIKE REAGAN

tiations. The Sinn Fein leaders, who once gave ETA counsel on bomb-making technology, have also been lobbying the Spanish government to drop charges against top Basque separatists, legalize Batasuna and move 700 ETA prisoners held in Spanish and French jails closer to their families. "We are approaching the beginning of the end of ETA," Prime Minister José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero declared in February 2006.

BUT AS RANELLI and I raced toward the harbor, I had to wonder if the group had returned to its old tactics. Then I saw the cause of the commotion: a white-haired man wearing a blue Napoleonic military uniform with epaulets and brandishing a musket was firing into the air. He belonged, he explained, to Olla Gora, one of San Sebastián's dozens of "eating societies," male-only clubs dedicated to the pursuit of socializing and gastronomic indulgence. "It's our [society's] centennial," he said, and its members were reenacting the Napoleonic battles that raged here in the 19th century. As Ranelli and I made our way back down through the quaint alleys of the old quarter—rebuilt after 1813, when British and Portuguese troops burned down almost all of it—she said my reaction was all too common. "San Sebastián is a wonderful town," she went on, "but the violence has eclipsed everything else. A lot of my friends have had the impression that this is a scary place—another Beirut."

the separatists murdered 91 people, and countless business enterprises have fallen victim to ETA extortion over the past four decades. "Everybody in Basque Country has a cousin or an uncle who has either been a victim or a member of the group," one Basque journalist told me.

Now ETA is widely regarded as an anachronism, a holdover from the days when radical groups such as Italy's Red Brigades and West Germany's Baader-Meinhof gang were recruiting European youth with their Marxist-Leninist rhetoric and desperado chic. In 1997, the United States government designated ETA a foreign terrorist organization. Since then, a number of developments—the Basque Country's growing prosperity; a post 9/11 crackdown on terrorist groups; widespread revulsion at violent tactics in the aftermath of Al Qaeda's 2004 Madrid train bombing (for which ETA was initially blamed); arrests of ETA fugitives in both Spain and France; and a waning enthusiasm for ETA's aim of independence—have drained the movement of much of its vigor.

THE PEACE PROCESS, however, is still fragile. In recent years, ETA has declared other cease-fires, all of which collapsed. The main Spanish opposition party, led by former prime minister José María Aznar, has urged the government not to negotiate. The peace initiative is being challenged by victims of ETA terror, and any deal is likely to leave unresolved the still contentious issue of Basque independence.

PABLO SANCHEZ / REUTERS / CORBIS ;BASQUE TELEVISION / ASSOCIATED PRESS

This past spring, hooded ETA leaders (above, left) announced a cease-fire. But decades of agitation for Basque independence (a 2001 demonstration, right) led Spanish prime minister Zapatero to warn that the way forward would be "long and difficult."

COMPARISONS TO LEBANON may be exaggerated. But this rugged region in the shadow of the Pyrenees has long been an anomaly—an enclave marked by an ancient language, a tradition of fine food and wine, and a political culture soaked in blood. Feeding on Basque pride and decades of repression by Spanish dictator Francisco Franco, ETA's campaign of terror turned elegant cities such as San Sebastián and Bilbao into caldrons of fear and violence. At the height of its violent campaign for independence, in 1980, Zapatero, in June 2006, warned that the process would be "long, tough and difficult," saying that the government would proceed with "prudence and discretion."

Then, a series of setbacks jolted the Spanish government and raised fears of a return to violence. First, in August, ETA publicly criticized the Spanish and French governments for "continuous attacks" against the Basques, apparently referring to the arrests and trials of ETA members that have gone on in spite of the cease-fire. Three

In the town of Ordizia (where Alejandra Iturrioz is mayor), ETA violence has claimed a dozen lives since 1968.

hooded ETA members read a communiqué at a pro-independence rally in late September, confirming the group's "commitment to continue fighting, arms in hand, until independence and socialism is achieved in Euskal Herria [Basque Country]." A week later, a hiker in the woods in French Basque Country, near the Spanish border, stumbled across hidden weapons—including guns and chemicals for bomb-making—sealed in plastic bins, evidently intended for ETA. Later in October, some 350 guns disappeared from a gun store in Nîmes, France; it was suspected that ETA had engineered the theft. It was perhaps the starkest indication yet that the group could be preparing for the collapse of negotiations, and the resumption of attacks.

But despite all the obstacles, the mood is upbeat. Traveling around Basque Country, from the avenues of San Sebastián to mountain villages deep in the Basque heartland, I encountered a sense of optimism—a belief that the Basques have a real chance of a lasting peace for the first time in decades. "I still remember the day I heard the news [about the cease-fire]. It gave me goose pimples," says Alejandra Iturrioz, mayor of Ordizia, a mountain town where a dozen citizens have been killed by the group since 1968.

In Bilbao, Basque Country's biggest city and an emerging cultural capital (home to architect Frank Gehry's Guggenheim Museum), the change is already being felt. "More people came this summer than ever before," says Ana López de Munain, the communications director for the striking titanium-and-glass creation. "The mood has become more relaxed. We just hope it stays that way."

NOWHERE ARE THE BENEFITS of waning tension more evident than in San Sebastián, a cosmopolitan seaside resort that comfortably straddles the Basque and Spanish worlds. Twelve miles west of the French border, along a rugged, horseshoe-shaped bay facing the Bay of Biscay, San Sebastián was a Basque fishing and trading town until the mid-19th century; in 1845 Spanish queen Isabel II, stricken with a skin ailment, came to bathe in the Bay of Concha on her doctor's orders. Aristocrats from Madrid and Barcelona followed, throwing up beachfront cabanas and Belle Epoque villas, wedding-cake structures adorned with turrets and spires. Along the Rio Urumea, a tidal river that empties into the Bay of Concha and divides the city in two, I strolled the Paseo de Francia—a faux stretch of the Ile St. Louis, with a Seine-like promenade.

San Sebastián itself has been the scene of political violence: in 1995, an ETA gunman walked into a downtown bar and shot dead one of the city's most popular politicians, Gregorio Ordoñez. Six years later, thousands marched silently through the streets to protest the murder of newspaper executive Santiago Oleaga Elejabarrieta. But there hasn't been a shooting or bombing here in years. Real es-

CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON / MAGNUM

tate is booming, with two-bedroom condominiums facing the sea fetching up to a million euros.

I went to lunch in the affluent Gros neighborhood with Gabriella Ranelli and her husband, Aitor Aguirre, a 39-year-old former professional player of pelota, similar to the sport better known in the United States as jai alai, the indoor game played with a hard rubber ball and gloves with basket-like extensions. (Pelota is the most popular sport in Basque Country.) We stopped by Aloña Berri, a pintxos bar known for its exquisite food miniatures, and ordered plates of Chipiron en Equilibria, a tiny square of rice infused with squid broth, served with sugar crystals spun around a wooden stick that spears a baby squid. Sophisticated establishments like this one have transformed San Sebastián into one of the culinary centers of Western Europe. Aguirre told me that these days the city is dedicated far more to the pursuit of good times than political agitation. "The roots of the Basque problems are in the provinces, where Basque culture is strongest, the language is spoken all the time and people feel that their identity is more threatened," he added. "Here, on the coast, with the cosmopolitan influence, we don't feel it as much."

Still, San Sebastián remains distinctly Basque. About 40 percent of its population speaks Basque; identification with Spain is not strong. Here, separatist politics still stir emotions. Spanish director Julio Medem's documentary *La Pelota Vasca* (*The Basque Ball*), featuring interviews with 70 Basques about the conflict, created a furor at the 2003 San Sebastián film festival. And memories of Franco's brutalities are etched into the city's psyche. The palace, where Franco vacationed for 35 years, has been shuttered since his death in November 1975; the city still debates whether to turn it into a museum, a hotel or a memorial to his victims.

During the Spanish Civil War, Italian and German bombers destroyed a pro-Republican Basque village, Gernika, on April 26, 1937 (above, left). Pablo Picasso's painting *Guernica* (reproduced in present-day Gernika, above, right) immortalized the slaughter.

ASSOCIATED PRESS; CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON /MAGNUM

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON, after taking in an exhibition of Russian paintings at Bilbao's Guggenheim Museum, I made the 30-minute drive to Gernika, set in a narrow riverine valley in Vizcaya Province. Gernika is the spiritual capital of the Basques, whose ancient culture and language, some believe, date back several thousand years. From medieval times, Castilian monarchs met here, beneath a sacred oak, to guarantee the Basques their traditional rights, or *fueros*, including special tax status and exemption from serving in the Castilian army. But in 1876, at the end of the second Carlist War in Spain, these guarantees were finally abrogated, and the Basques' dreams of autonomy or independence from Spain were indefinitely deferred.

I parked my car at the edge of town and walked to the main square, the site of the Gernika Peace Museum, which commemorates the event that has come to define the town. When the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, the Basques allied themselves with the Republican government, or Loyalists, against the fascists, led by Franco. On April 26, 1937, the Italian and German Air Forces, on Franco's orders, carpet-bombed and strafed Gernika, killing at least 250 people, an event immortalized by Picasso's painting named for the town. (The artist used an alternate spelling.) "Gernika is seared into the heart of every Basque," I was told by Ana Teresa Núñez Monasterio, an archivist at the city's new Peace Museum, which features multimedia displays chronicling the bombing.

Franco's fascist forces defeated the Loyalists in 1939; from then on, the dictator waged a relentless campaign to erase Basque identity. He drove the leadership into exile, banned the Basque flag and traditional dancing, and made even speaking Basque punishable by a prison term. Some families reverted to speaking Spanish, even in the privacy of their homes; others taught the language to their children in secret, or sent them to clandestine schools, or *ikastola*. Children caught speaking Basque in regular schools were punished; teachers would pass a steel ring from one student caught speaking Basque to the next; the last one to hold the ring each day would be whipped. Margarita Otaegui Arizmendi, the director of the language center at the

Deusto University in San Sebastián, recalls, "Franco was very successful in instilling fear. A lot of the children grew up without a knowledge of Basque—we call them 'the generation of silence.'"

After Franco's death, King Juan Carlos took power and legalized the Basque language; in 1979, he granted autonomy to the three Spanish Basque provinces, Alava, Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya. (Basque separatists also regard the Spanish province of Navarra as part of their homeland.) In 1980, a Basque parliament elected a president and established a capital at Vitoria-Gasteiz, beginning a new era. But ETA, founded by a small group of revolutionaries in 1959, has never given up its goal—full independence for the Spanish Basque provinces and unification with the three Basque-speaking provinces on the French side (where the nationalist movement is less fervent). For many Spanish Basques, the goal of independence has come to seem meaningless. "There's a whole generation of people under the age of 30 who have no memories of Franco," a Basque journalist told me. "We have prosperity, we have autonomy, we're pretty well off on all counts."

THE JOURNEY FROM San Sebastián to Ordizia takes only 30 minutes by road through rugged hills cloaked in forests of oak, apple and pine, but it bridges a gap as wide as that between, say, Washington, D.C. and Appalachia. It had been raining nonstop for three days when I set out; the mist shrouding the slopes and red-tile-roofed villages conveyed a sense of a world cut off from Europe. Located in the highlands of Guipúzcoa, regarded as the most "Basque" of the three provinces, Ordizia is a town of 9,500 that was founded in the 13th century. When I arrived, crowds were flocking to the market in the town square, beneath an Athenian arcade-style roof supported by a dozen Corinthian columns. Elderly men wearing traditional wide, black berets, known as *txapelas*, browsed through piles of fresh produce, wheels of Idiazabal sheep cheese, olives and chorizo sausages. Outside rose green hills covered by concrete high-rises; Franco had ordered them built in the 1960s and packed them with workers from the rest of Spain—a strategy, many in Ordizia say, intended to weaken Basque identity.

With almost no unemployment and fertile highlands, Ordizia is one of the wealthiest corners of Spain. Yet almost everybody here has been touched by violence: there is the Basque policeman, posted out of town, who keeps his job secret from his neighbors for fear of being killed, the stationery store owner whose daughter, a convicted ETA bomb-maker, languishes in a Spanish prison hundreds of miles away. In a seedy bar clubhouse in one of the high-rises on the outskirts of town, I met Iñaki Dubreuil Churruca, a Socialist town councilman: in 2001, he narrowly escaped a car bomb explo-

Rich traditions underlie Basque pride in their identity (from top: Ordizia's covered market; third-generation vintner Eusebio Santamaría's wine cellar in Laguardia; pelota players in San Sebastián). It was Franco's attempt to extinguish this ancient culture that gave rise to the separatist movement.

sion that killed two bystanders. I asked him how many people from Ordizia had been murdered by ETA, and he and a friend began counting, rattling off a dozen or so names: "Isidro, Ima, Javier, Yoye. . . . We knew them all," he said.

Later I walked through the town center to a flagstone plaza, where a single rose painted on a tile marked Ordizia's most notorious killing: that of María Dolores González Catarain, known as Yoyes. An attractive, charismatic woman who joined ETA as a teenager, Yoyes tired of life in the group and, with her young son, fled into exile in Mexico. After several years she grew homesick and, reaching out to ETA's leaders, received assurances she would not be harmed if she came back. In 1986 she moved to San Sebastián and wrote a critical memoir about her life as a terrorist. That September, she returned to Ordizia for the first time since her exile to attend a fiesta and, in a crowded plaza, was shot dead in front of her son. David Bumstead, an English teacher who ran a language school in the town, later observed the scene. "I remember seeing her body, covered in a sheet, lying on the cobblestones," he says, recalling that "sadness enveloped the town."

Though Yoyes' murder caused widespread revulsion in Ordizia, enthusiasm for Basque independence has never flagged here. In 1991, Batasuna received 30 percent of the votes in municipal elections and came close to naming the town's mayor. (A coalition of other political parties formed a majority and blocked the appointment.) In a dank, smoke-filled bar beside the town's marketplace I met the man who nearly won the post, Ramon Amundarain, a grizzled former Batasuna politician. He told me that 35 percent of the highland population favored independence. "I didn't even speak Spanish until I was 10," he said. "I don't feel Spanish at all." He pulled an Euskal Herria ID card out of his wallet. "I carry it in protest," he told me. "I could be arrested for it." When I asked whether he believed violence was an acceptable way of achieving his goal, he answered, cautiously, "We did not reject it."

The next day I drove farther south into the province of Alava, part of the Rioja wine-producing region. Alava is considered the least Basque, and most Spanish, of the Basque Country's three provinces. Here, the weather cleared, and I found myself in an arid, sun-splashed valley framed by gray basalt mountains. Jagged mesas loomed over groves of cypress trees and a rolling sea of vineyards, and medieval walled villages climbed hillsides; the landscape, the climate, all seemed classically Spanish.

The 12th-century village of Laguardia was having one of its summer fiestas, this one celebrating San Juan, the town's patron saint. Then I heard a distant clattering of hoofs, and I leapt into a doorway just as half a dozen bulls roared down the main street. I had stumbled into one of the hundreds of "running of the bulls" festivals that take place every summer across Spain—this one, unlike Pamplona's a few dozen miles to the northeast, relatively unspoiled by tourists.

Later that morning, I made my way to Bodega El Fabulista, a wine cellar owned by Eusebio Santamaría, a third-generation winemaker. Santamaría has chosen to keep his operation small—he produces 40,000 bottles a year, entirely for local distribution—and he makes most of his money from the private tours of his cellar he conducts for tourists. Since the ETA cease-fire, he told me, the number of visitors had grown significantly. "The atmosphere across the Basque Country has changed," he said. I asked him whether people felt their Basqueness strongly here, and he laughed. "It's a mixture of identities here, Rioja, Alava and Navarra," he said. "I say I belong to all of them. Wine does not understand or care about politics."

But people do, and everywhere I traveled in Basque Country, debates over Basque identity and independence still raged. In Vitoria-Gasteiz, a modern city on the arid plains of Alava Province and the Basque capital, María San Gil vented her contempt for the cease-fire declaration. San Gil, 41, a gaunt, intense woman, saw the separatists' brutal-

The Guggenheim Bilbao Museum, designed by American architect Frank Gehry, symbolizes the new face of Basque Country. Says one local journalist: "There's a generation under 30 who have no memories of Franco. We have prosperity, we have autonomy."

CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON / MAGNUM (3); EBERHARD STREICHAN / ZEFA / CORBIS

ity firsthand in 1995, when an ETA gunman walked into a bar in San Sebastián and shot to death her colleague Gregorio Ordoñez, a popular, conservative Basque politician. Soon after that, she entered politics as a candidate for San Sebastián's city council, and is now president of the Populist Party in the Basque Country. San Gil has likened Batasuna's leader, Arnaldo Otegi, to Osama bin Laden and, despite ETA's truce, remains adamantly opposed to any negotiations. "These people are fanatics, and one cannot legitimize them at the political table," San Gil told me. She dismissed comparisons between ETA and the IRA, whose cease-fire call in 1997 was embraced by the British government. "Ours is not a war between two legitimate adversaries. It's a war between terrorists and democrats, so why do we have to sit down with them? It's like sitting down with Al Qaeda. We have to vanquish them."

Others, however, see such intransigence as self-defeating. Gorka Landaburu, the son of a leading Basque politician who fled into exile in France in 1939, also knows the extremists' brutality firsthand. Landaburu, 55, grew up in Paris and moved to San Sebastián in his 20s. There he began writing for French and Spanish newspapers and became a leading voice of ETA opposition. "My parents were Basque nationalists, but I've never been," he told me as we sat in a café in front of San Sebastián's Hotel Londres, a whitewashed, early-20th-century landmark with filigreed iron balconies and French windows, overlooking the seafront promenade. "We have our own taxation, our own laws, our own government. What do we need independence for? Money? We have the euro. Frontiers? The borders are open. Army? It's unnecessary."

Landaburu's critiques made him an enemy of the separatists. "I got my first warning in 1986—an anonymous letter, with the ETA seal"—a serpent coiled around an ax—"warning me to 'keep quiet,'" he said. "I ignored it." In the spring of 2001, a parcel bearing his newspaper's return address arrived at his home. While heading out the door to work the next morning, he opened the letter; five ounces of dynamite blew up, mangling his hands, destroying the vision in his left eye and lacerating his face. "I remember every second—the explosion, the burst of fire," he told me. He staggered out the door covered in blood; a neighbor took him to a hospital. "Every time I pick up a drink, button my shirt, I think about the attack, but I can't let it dominate me or I'd go insane," Landaburu said.

In the months after I spoke to Landaburu, increasingly belligerent pronouncements by ETA, increased incidents of street violence and the theft of the handguns in Nîmes seemed to strengthen the arguments of hard-liners such as María San Gil. But it was difficult to know whether ETA's vows to carry on the struggle were rhetorical or whether they foreshadowed another campaign of terror. Nor was it out of the question that a radical splinter group sought to sabotage the peace process—the Basque equivalent of the Real IRA, which killed 29 people in a car bombing in Omagh, Ireland, in August 1998 in reaction to the IRA's cease-fire the previous year.

Landaburu told me that he expected setbacks: the bitterness and hatred caused by decades of violence were too deeply engrained in Basque society to be overcome easily. Even so, he was willing to give peace a chance. "I'm not going to forgive, I'm not going to forget, but I'm not going to oppose the process," he told me. He took a sip of *orujo blanco*, a strong liquor distilled from white grapes, and gazed upon the Bay of Concha—the crescent of beach, the azure waters framed by forested cliffs, the hundreds of people strolling the promenade at sunset. "After 40 years of Franco's dictatorship, and 40 years of a dictatorship of terror, we want to live in a world without threats, without violence," Landaburu said. "I want peace for my kids, for my grandkids. And for the first time, I think we are going to get it."

As hope takes hold in the prosperous region (a café in San Sebastián, left), Basques seek to put the past behind them. Journalist Gorka Landaburu (right), the victim of an ETA bomb in 2001, is among them: "I want peace," he says, "for my kids, my grandkids."

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Visit Smithsonian.com for an interview with author Joshua Hammer.

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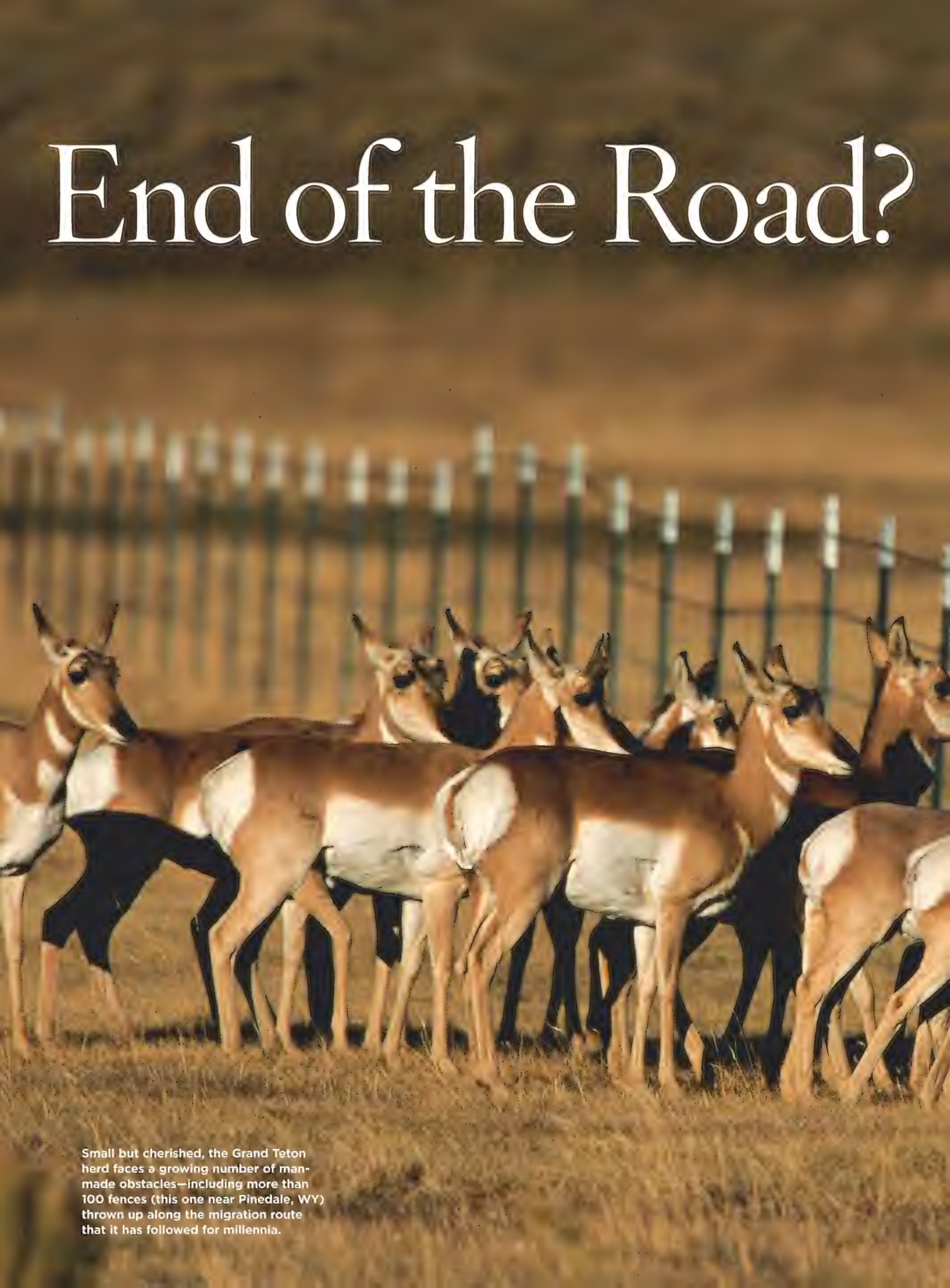


Small but cherished, the Grand Teton herd faces a growing number of man-made obstacles—including more than 100 fences (this one near Pinedale, WY) thrown up along the migration route that it has followed for millennia.

Development threatens to block the ancient migration of a herd of pronghorn antelopes in western Wyoming. Without new protections, conservationists say, the speedy animals are running out of time

BY DANIEL GLICK

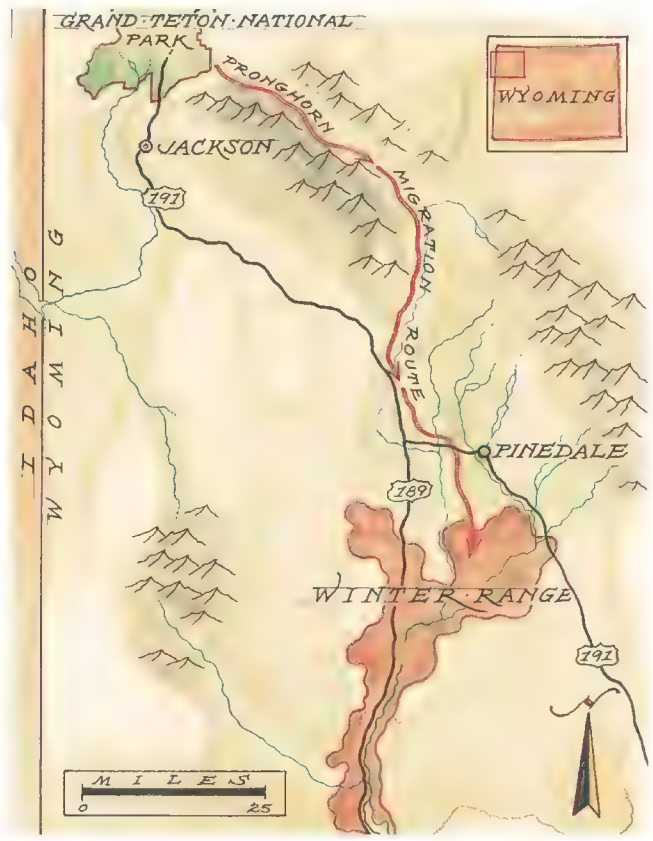
The chase began just after dawn. In a curious predator-prey role reversal, the pronghorn antelope pursued a coyote across a knoll. The doe could have run down her quarry in seconds, but she was not trying to catch the coyote, only shoo it away. After a half mile, she stopped and headed back to resume her vigil over two light brown fawns in this southeastern corner of Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park. When last seen, the coyote was high-tailing it up a treeless draw.

Joel Berger, a biologist with the Wildlife Conservation Society, had brought me to this perch on Blacktail Butte to observe the pronghorns. The doe, Berger said, had just performed a classic feint, steering the coyote away from the short grass daybed where her fawns had been playing a deadly game of hide-and-seek with predators in the days since their mid-June birth.

Pronghorns evolved in the harsh, high-plains habitat of North America tens of millions of years ago alongside swift predators like saber-toothed cats and dire wolves. They are not related to true antelopes of the Old World, but like those species pronghorns are specialized for speed. They are arguably the world's fastest living land animals. Although a cheetah could beat it in a hundred-yard dash, the pronghorn has greater stamina and would probably prevail in the 400-meter and one-mile races, the latter of which it would run in about a minute. Pronghorns can spot movement three miles away, and a startled pronghorn herd confuses predators by darting in unison at 50 miles an hour like a skittish school of fish. Pronghorns survive harsh winters on the barest intake of sage leaves they paw from the snow. But for this sentinel herd of pronghorns, the greatest threat to its survival is a rapidly changing West.

If this doe's fawns survive the summer, they will follow their mother and a few hundred other pronghorns on the longest terrestrial migration in the lower 48 states. By early fall, the herd will leave Grand Teton National Park, fording rivers and climbing steep ridges to reach its winter range at least 120 miles away, south of Pinedale. If the fawns endure the windblown, minus-20-degree Wyoming winter, they will make their way back to the national park in the spring.

Grazing in the park all summer, pronghorns follow a 120-mile or more route in fall through booming Pinedale. To aid the herd's survival, advocates propose turning the timeworn trail into a federally protected wildlife corridor.



This extraordinary migration is getting more difficult with each passing year, due to land development that is placing obstacles in the animals' way and a natural gas boom that is carving up their critical winter range.

Berger and his wife, Kim, who is also a wildlife biologist, have been working to preserve what's left of this herd's long, narrow migratory route. In 2003, the biologists proposed the nation's first National Migration Corridor—a trail that would be protected from further harm by federal restrictions on development and industry. The trail would also benefit the mule deer, moose and other mammals that have traveled the same high-mountain highway for millennia. More than 90 percent of the proposed corridor is federal property, the Bergers point out, and the plan requires mainly that the trail suffer no further deterioration. "We're not asking for a corridor 20 miles wide," says Joel. "We're asking for something long and narrow." It's 90 miles by one mile, to be exact.

Pronghorns are not in trouble everywhere in Wyoming. In fact, there are probably as many of the animals in the state—about a half million—as there are people. Most pronghorns live in eastern Wyoming, where they roam shorter distances across landscapes not yet so prized. But the herd of 200 or so animals that migrates in and out of Grand Teton National Park treads across what has become some of the most valuable real estate in the West. Berger argues that without a protected corridor, the herd will die off, an outcome that he says should be unacceptable.

From our ridge-top perch, Berger and I spy bison, elk, a great blue heron and another doe with two fawns (pronghorns almost always give birth to twins). As the coyote-chasing doe returns, her fawns pop their heads out of the grass to greet her. Berger estimates they are about 3 days old. The twins take turns nursing, then the threesome ranges over a

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DANIEL GLICK *is the author of the book* Monkey Dancing: A Father, Two Kids, and a Journey to the Ends of the Earth.

MAP: MIKE REAGAN; PP 52,53 WENDY SHATTIL & BOB ROZINSKI

THOMAS D. MANGELSEN / IMAGES OF NATURE

The fight to save the Grand Teton National Park pronghorn herd isn't the first local battle pitting development rights against environmental concerns. Creation of the 310,000-acre park itself was, says historian Robert Righter, "perhaps the most notable conservation victory of the 20th century."

quarter mile of terrain, alternately feeding, gamboling and lying down to rest. Several times a minute, the mom pricks her ears and scans for coyotes and other threats.

In this part of the park, the Bergers have documented that 90 percent of fawns die, mostly from coyote attacks. The fawns must also weather late spring snowstorms, subfreezing nights, bears, cougars, bobcats, golden eagles, wolves, badgers, disease, river crossings, roaring SUVs and other perils. If they dodge these bullets, not to mention the actual ones fired at them outside the park during the autumn hunting season, they will migrate before the snows blanket their birthplace.

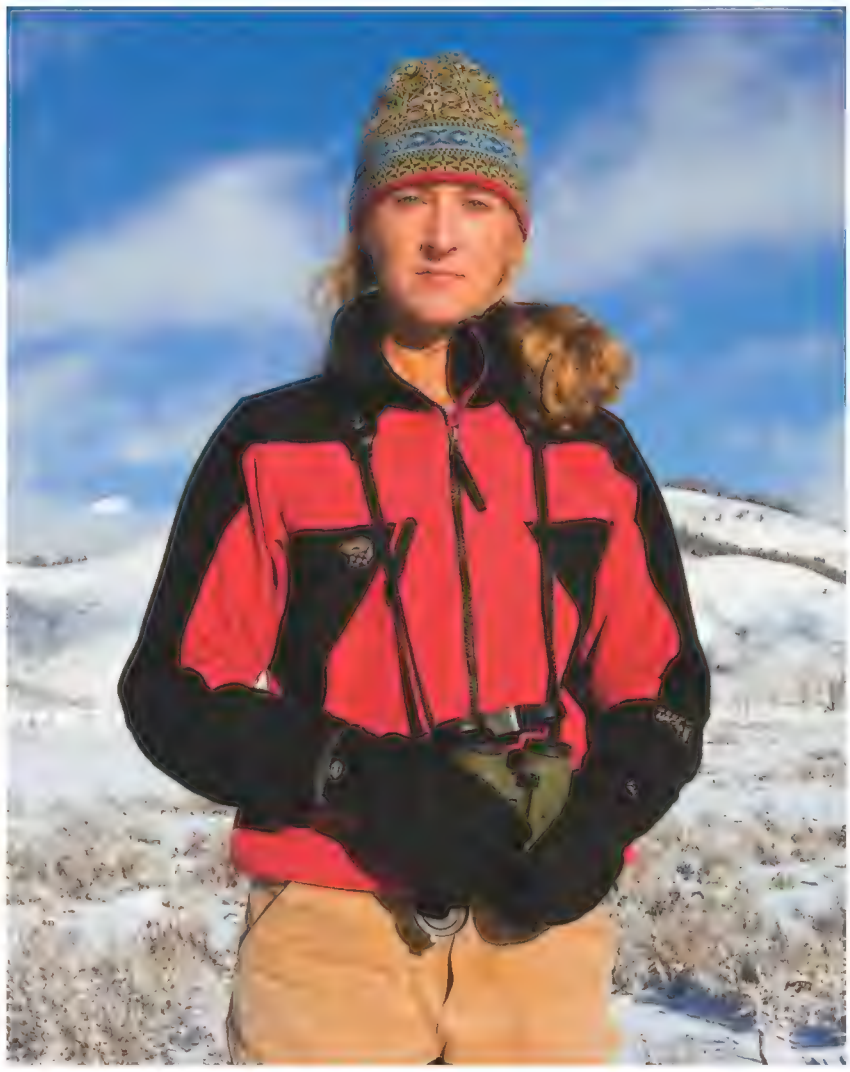
Then comes the hard part.

KIM BERGER AND I climb a ridge on horseback to get a view of a key pass that the pronghorns must cross. Here, south of Grand Teton National Park, the corridor rises into mixed conifer forest. The view is stunning: we see the upper reaches of the Gros Ventre River, which flows northward into the park, and high meadows where pronghorns meander. Kim points out the "Red Hills bottleneck" in the distance, one of many natural constrictions that migrating animals face. On a steep slope above rapids and below an impassable cliff band, antelope hoofs have carved a single-track trail. "These animals literally come over the same hoofprints year after year," Kim says, adding that they cover the 120-mile passage between their summer and winter ranges in about three days at a brisk, nose-to-tail walk.

We skirt the edge of the woods, peering down the treeless flood plain where pronghorns graze in scattered small gatherings. They don't migrate in huge herds, Kim tells me, but in groups of three up to a dozen. But migrate they must: deep snows in the higher elevations would kill them if they stayed the winter. In 1993, wildlife managers documented a group of stragglers that got trapped by an early snowfall and died.

On the other side of the ridge, the pronghorns have to negotiate a difficult stretch west of the Green River. The route between the river and some aspen groves has grown narrower and full of obstacles with the recent proliferation of ranchette subdivisions, with their attendant fences and guard dogs. Pronghorns, Kim explains, don't like to go places where they can't "see far and run fast." If the animals reach Highway 191, which runs through Pinedale, they must pass through one last natural bottleneck, Trapper's Point, a quarter-mile-wide passage that has been a gantlet of sorts for millennia. During construction to improve Highway 191 in the early 1990s, archaeologists discovered the bones of butchered pronghorns dating back 6,000 years, including fetal bones. Native Americans had hunted the animals at this bottleneck during the spring migration, when females were pregnant. Today in this spot, it's cars that are lethal.

Sublette County, where these pronghorns live from about November through April, is the fastest-growing county in Wyoming. An increasing number of wealthy second homeowners are quickly subdividing—and fencing—



At the heart of the wildlife migration corridor proposed by Joel Berger (at a natural pronghorn-migration bottleneck in the Red Hills) and spouse Kim Berger (in Grand Teton National Park) lies a moral as well as scientific question: Is it OK to let a signal species disappear from a national park?

TED WOOD; DAVID SWIFT

previously wide open spaces. Some landowners have worked with wildlife officials to make pronghorn-friendly fences that provide access points for the antelope. But others have put up virtually impenetrable barriers. The cumulative effect of all this construction, Kim Berger says, could be devastating to the pronghorn herd: "It takes only a small difference to switch the balance from a stable population to one that's declining."

AT BEST, THE ARID PINEDALE MESA is a land of "just enough": just enough protein in sparse sage leaves to sustain pronghorn; just enough water that deer can paw from frozen seeps and suckle from snow; just enough shelter from icy winds amid the hillocks. About 100,000 deer, moose, elk and pronghorns (from Grand Teton and elsewhere) winter here.

The animals' resources have been shrinking ever since people figured out how to eke out a living here. Revenue from oil and gas production provides the base for Wyoming's economy, keeping taxes low and allowing the state to run a budget surplus. Beginning in the late 1990s, breakthroughs in hydraulic fracturing (known as "fracing," pronounced "fracking"), which pumps liquids at high pressure deep into the earth to break up sandstone blocking access to valuable methane gas pockets, have altered the landscape. There is at least 20 *trillion* cubic feet of methane gas near Pinedale, most of it on federal land—about one year's supply of natural gas for the country. The more drilling became profitable, the more Pinedale boomed: bulldozers carved miles of dirt roads through the sage flats, and drilling pads multiplied almost as fast as the gas companies could hire construction workers to build them.

The Pinedale area quickly became the focal point of a debate. To people like Charles Stanley, executive vice president of the Questar Corporation, the area provides a rare, concentrated accumulation of an important energy resource—a place where Questar and other energy companies could demonstrate new techniques that they say minimize drilling's impact on land and wildlife. For instance, they drill in multiple directions from one "fixed pad" to reduce land disturbance. "I believe we can and have as an industry achieved an acceptable balance that protects the environment while still accomplishing development of the nation's third-largest natural gas accumulation," says Stanley.

But for many local residents, the influx of energy developers has not been so salutary. Bouncing along dirt roads south of Pinedale, Linda Baker guides her Saab around vast sage steppes punctuated by drilling rigs and evaporation ponds. "Seven years ago this was a place where there was very little development," says Baker. Now the area has been carved into a pocked, checkered industrial zone that looks more like Texas' oil fields than Wyoming's vast vistas. "It's heartbreaking," she says.

Baker, who has lived in Pinedale for 25 years, is herself a former "juggie," a geophysical explorer for oil and gas com-

panies. After a stint in the fields, she used her earnings to return to school, and she eventually became a librarian—until the recent gas boom propelled her into full-time advocacy. Baker helped form the Upper Green River Valley Coalition in 2002. The coalition won a temporary halt to oil and gas leasing in a nearby national forest and a withdrawal of leases near the Trapper's Point bottleneck. "We have been able to help define a vision for our future as oil and gas development rushes around us," Baker says.

Baker's soft voice belies her passion for her hometown. She points out that the fluids used in fracing can contain solvents such as benzene, toluene and xylene. These compounds are highly carcinogenic, and Baker fears they will contaminate the drinking water supply.

Stanley counters that fracing takes place thousands of feet below groundwater aquifers, and "numerous precautions" isolate the water from fracing fluids and natural gas.

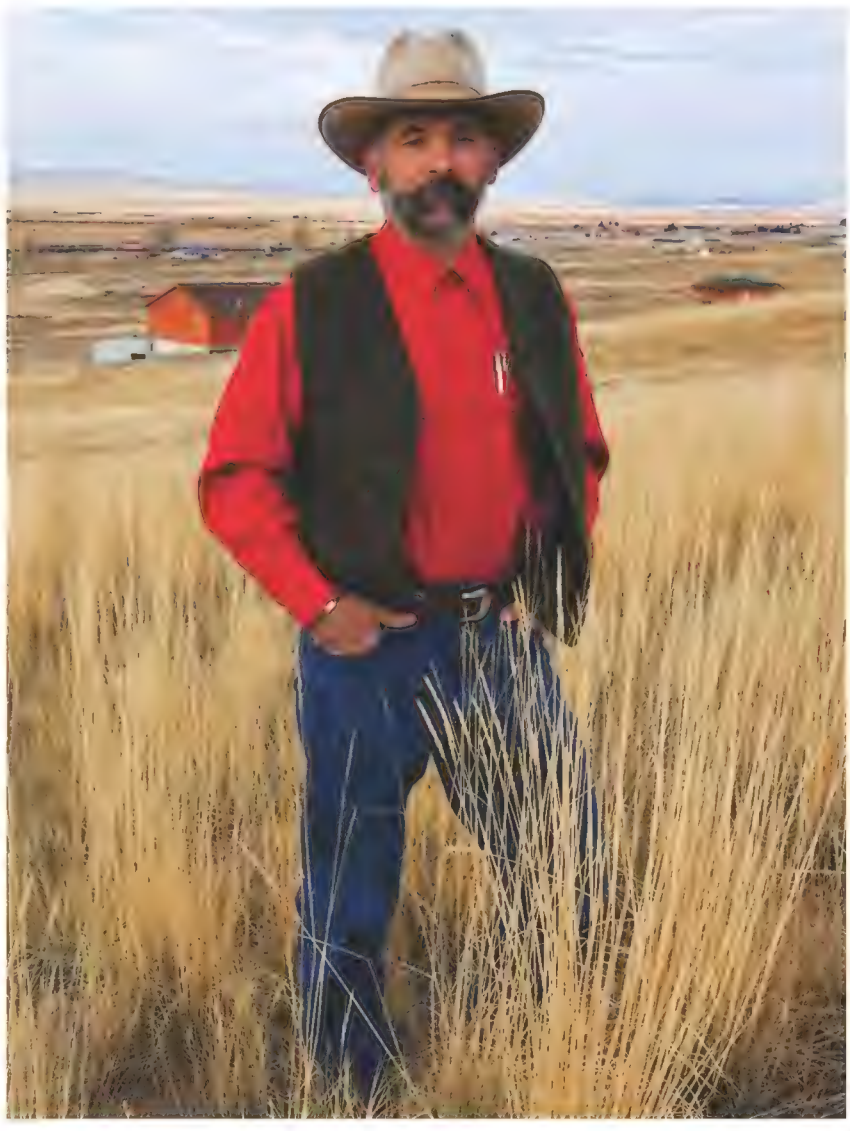
The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) oversees most of the land targeted for energy development. The agency's task, according to its mission statement, is to balance energy needs, wildlife resources and recreation. An assistant secretary of the Interior, C. Stephen Allred, whose department includes the BLM, says, "We are always looking to reduce the human footprint." For instance, he says, proposed pipelines would reduce truck travel by 125,000 trips per year.

In a report released in June 2005, the Government Accountability Office, which evaluates federal programs, said the BLM's enforcement capability had been undermined by the current administration's accelerated granting of permits for new drilling. If something isn't done, the report concluded, "the environmental impacts of oil and gas development could compromise BLM's responsibility for protecting the environment."

Some environmental safeguards have been eased or relaxed. In the late 1990s, companies were required to limit the density of wells per acre and to shut down winter operations for the benefit of wildlife. In 2002, Questar, Ultra, Shell and other energy companies were granted exemptions, including higher well densities, year-round operations and relaxed pollutant limits. Provisions in the Energy Policy Act of 2005 specifically exempt fracing liquids from the Safe Drinking Water Act. Emissions from diesel trucks and drilling rig engines have led to a perceptible decline in the air quality, with plumes of haze that cloud the once-limitless horizon. "Nobody in this valley would refute that we're losing our 100-mile views," says Baker.

Baker and I bump back onto Highway 191 and observe a skyline spiked with drilling rigs. Baker says she doesn't oppose energy development and objects only to the manner and speed with which it is being done, as if gas deposits that sat for millions of years would suddenly disappear if they weren't exploited immediately. "Could somebody tell me what the rush is all about?" she asks.

With 5,000 natural gas wells in the Upper Green River Basin, energy companies say they balance the need for fuel against the toll on the environment. But former oil and gas explorer Linda Baker (near Pinedale) and Wyoming wildlife official Bernie Holz (at Trapper's Point) say development has been reckless.



TED WOOD (2)

ON A SNOWY DAY IN MID-MAY, regional wildlife supervisor Bernie Holz and I are in his truck outside Pinedale, looking for signs of pronghorn returning to Grand Teton National Park. Earlier in the spring, he tells me, a migrating lead doe, skittish after crossing fence lines and skirting around new Pinedale subdivisions, balked at crossing Highway 191. The herd backed up behind her, tried to detour up a bluff, then returned and gathered in collective confusion at the highway's edge: 6,000 years of collective memory confronting a ribbon of asphalt. Game and Fish employees fanned out along the road and stopped traffic, as if directing children at a school crossing.

Holz has worked with pronghorns since he started with the Wyoming Game and Fish Department in 1983, and he has hunted them even longer. In his quiet but commanding Western drawl, he says that too many people just won't face the fact that there's a limit to what the animals can take. "People always want to know," he says, "how much more of this we can do before we have to stop." Holz says he's convinced that the most important use of the land "is as a migration corridor. It's not as oil and gas or anything else. In our heart of hearts, we know we're going to clobber this place."

We drive to Trapper's Point, which commands one of the region's most impressive views, taking in the New Fork and Green rivers, as well as the Wyoming, Gros Ventre and Wind River ranges. In the distance, we spot several small groups of pronghorns. Some of the does are pregnant. I ask Holz what it will take to convince Americans that the point of no return is upon us. "I think it takes an urgency and a belief that this resource is going to be lost," he answers slowly, adding that the pronghorn we see are waiting for the snows to melt so they can return to Grand Teton National Park and give birth to this year's fawns. As much to himself as to me, he adds: "This is worth trying to do."

FROM OUR PERCH on Blacktail Butte, Joel Berger and I spot other pronghorn does with their fawns, grazing against the jaw-dropping backdrop of the jagged Grand Tetons. I ask him why saving such a relatively small herd is so important. "This is the longest migration of a land species outside the Arctic in the New World," he says. "If we can't save this pronghorn migration—an event that has been occurring for 6,000 years through a narrow thread of a corridor—then what hope do we have for conserving other migrations?" That this corridor links to one of the world's premier national parks just adds to the urgency, he says.

The Bergers' proposal for a National Migration Corridor enjoys strong support here in Teton County, where the pronghorns are born, but not among commissioners in Sublette County, where pronghorns winter. Federal designation requires Congressional action. So far, Wyoming's Congressional delegation has been lukewarm to the idea.

As the sun begins to warm the high-altitude autumn morning, the doe that chased the coyote is nowhere to be seen. Neither are her two fawns. They have likely moved up the river valley toward the spot from which the herd will soon begin its ancient migration. They will soon face obstacles their ancestors never knew.

North America's fastest land animals, pronghorns (near Pinedale) can run 60 miles per hour—an evolutionary adaptation to swift, now-extinct predators such as saber-toothed cats. Biologists say the Grand Teton herd needs help outrunning modern threats.

TED WOOD

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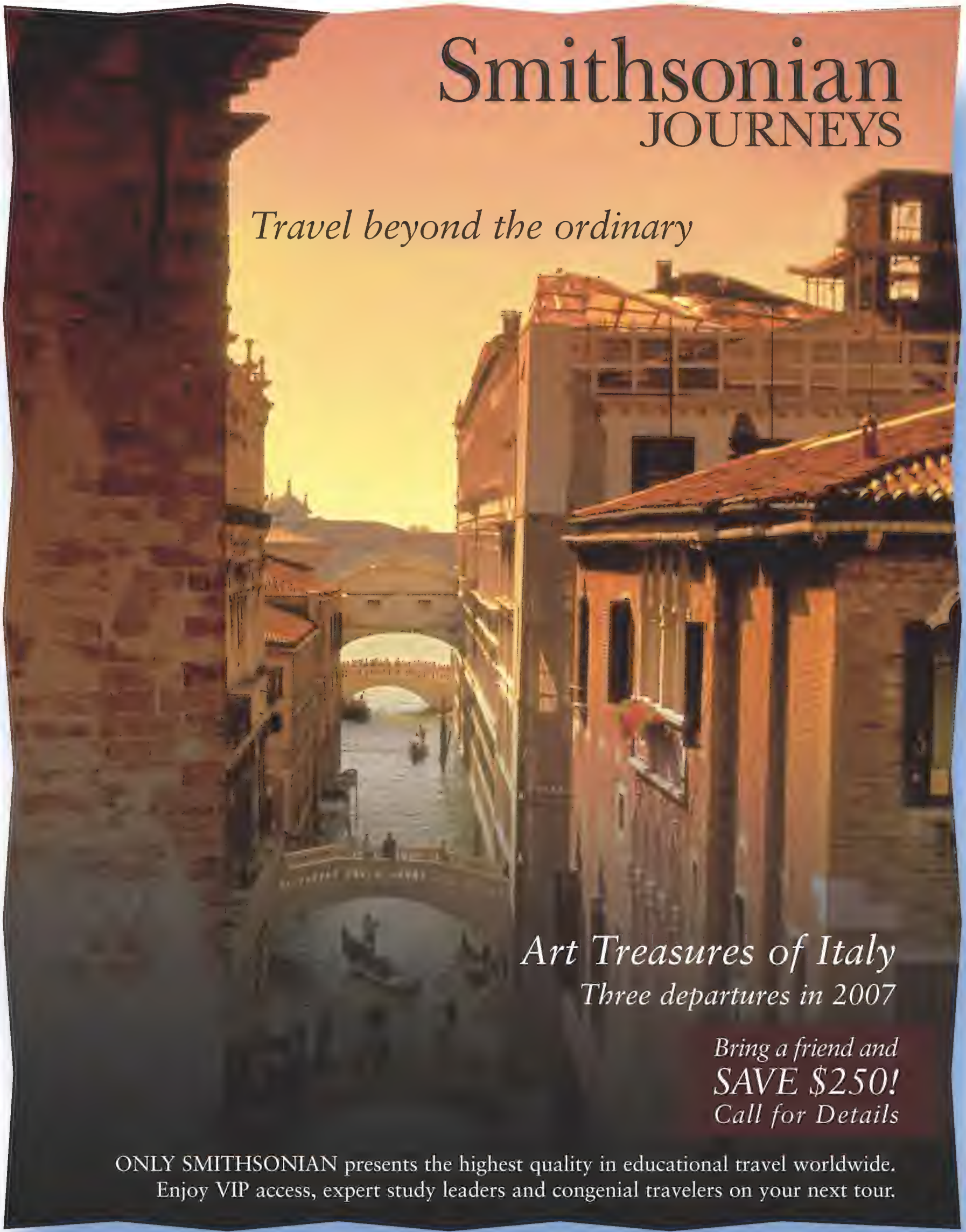

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A new book argues the case for the mugshot as art

ARRESTING FACES

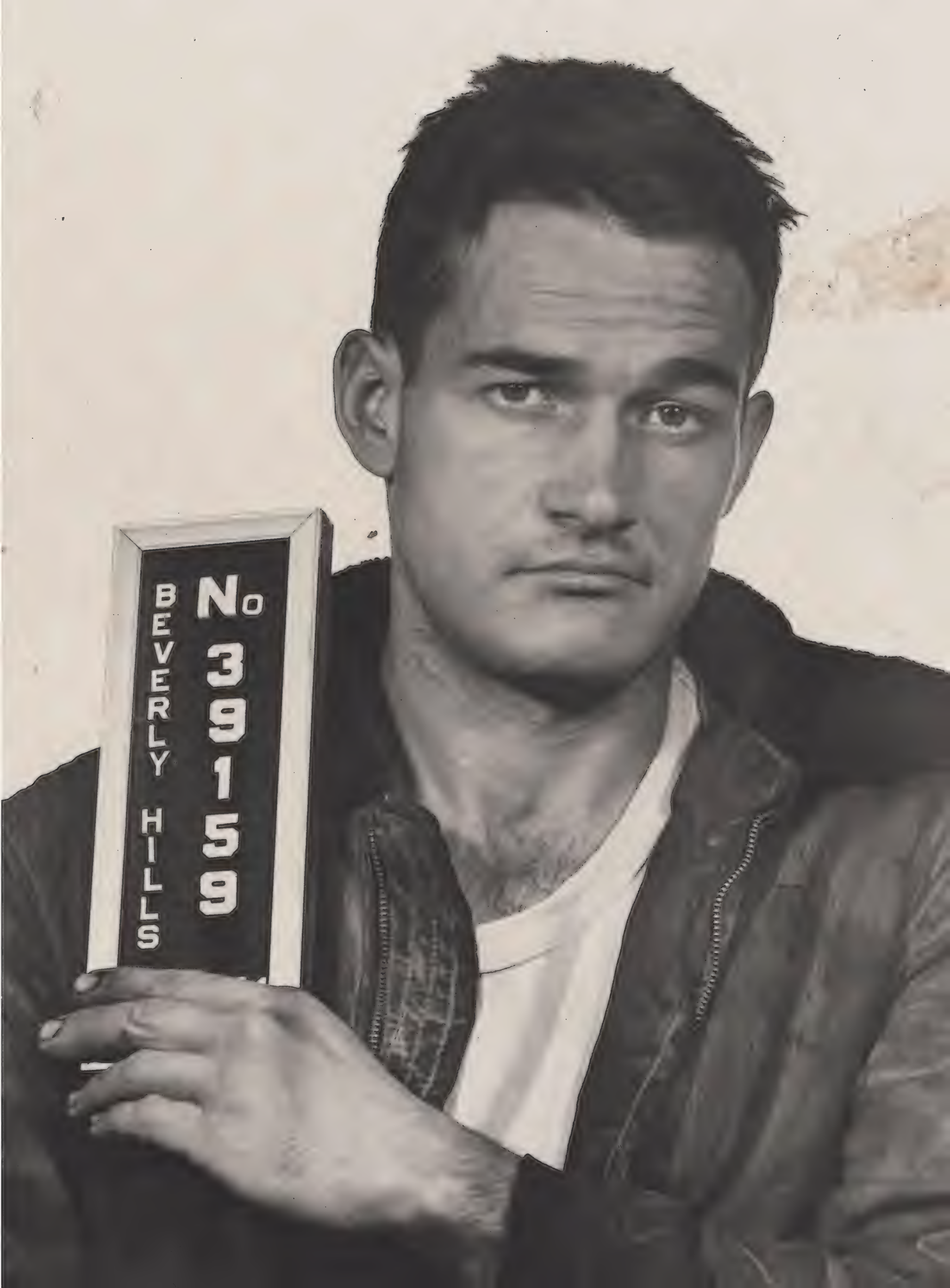
THE FACES ARE "RIGHT OUT OF CENTRAL CASTING," says Mark Michaelson. For a decade, the graphic designer collected old mug shots—he got them from a retired cop in Scranton, Pennsylvania, from a file cabinet bought at a Georgia auction and stuffed with pictures, and from eBay—until he had tens of thousands. All of them might have remained the personal collection of this self-described pack rat. But with the growing popularity of vernacular, or found, photographs, Michaelson's trove suddenly had wider appeal. This past fall, he exhibited the mug shots in a New York City gallery and published them in a book slicker than an L.A. loan shark.

Michaelson, who has worked at *Newsweek*, *Radar* and other magazines, got interested in underworld imagery after a friend gave him a Wanted poster of Patty Hearst. For his collection, however, he avoided famous people and notorious criminals in favor of what he calls "the small-timers, the least wanted." His book is even called *Least Wanted: A Century of American Mugshots*. It is a sort of accidental tour of the crooked, down and out or unlucky. But because Michaelson, 51, knows little or nothing about most of the subjects, readers have to supply the backstory. "I don't have any more info than what the viewer gets," Michaelson says in a telephone interview from Berlin, where he now lives.

Why, exactly, were the pair of Fresno cross-dressers—clad like modest housewives—arrested on successive Tuesdays in 1963? What sort of upbringing, if that's the word, befell a Pennsylvania boy known as Mouse, who was arrested in the 1940s at ages 13, 14 and 18? We can only wonder. If the pictures are short on detail, they still add up to a vivid, impressionistic archive of American metamorphosis: bowler hats and beehives; Depression-era vagrancy and a 1970s narcotics bust; the arrival of Irish, German and Italian immigrants; the first wave of anti-Communism, in the 1930s, with the accused Communists' mugs mounted on pink cards; and the racism, as in the description of a Mis-

One of the 10,000 mugs collected by Mark Michaelson (inset) is that of a thief (opposite), described in a 1950s police record as a "psycho" who'd escaped a correctional facility, "but they don't want him."

NICK RHODES / NICKYDIGITAL.COM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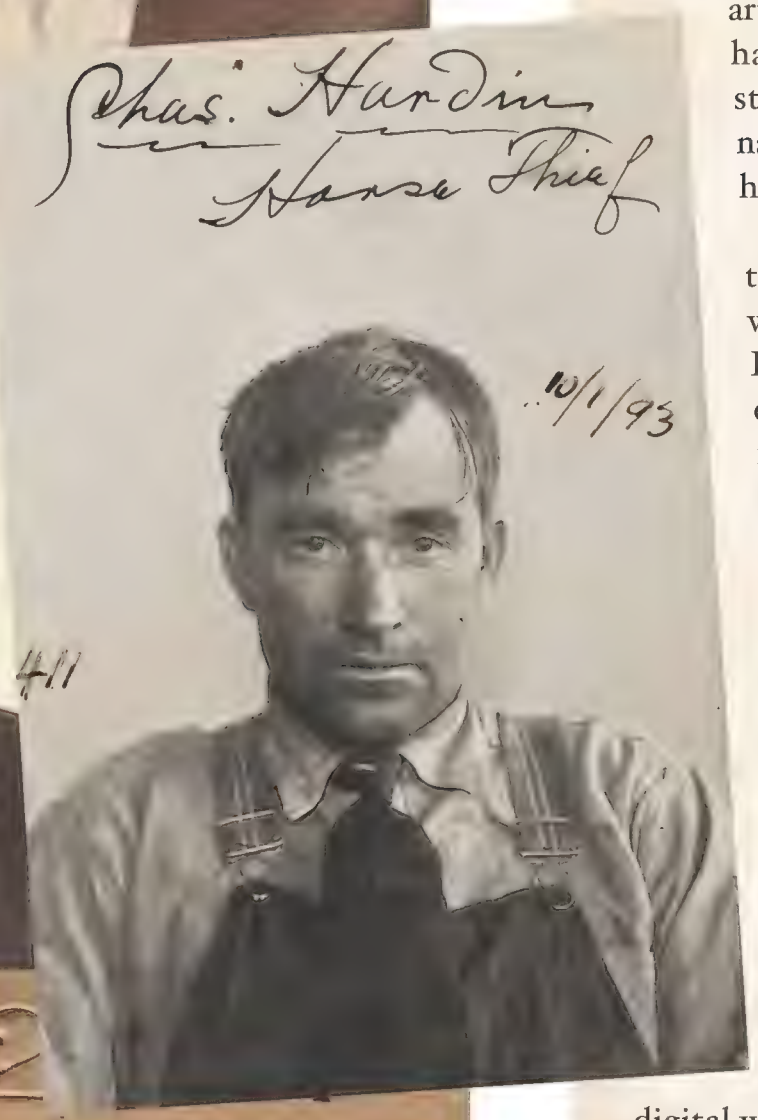

"Mug shots of famous gangsters and celebrities were popular with collectors, but I was interested in something else."

souri man (a "close mouthed Negro who is probably committing burglaries"), who was arrested in 1938 for stealing "several pairs of stockings."

The *New York Times* called the pictures "a catalog of the human face and the things that can happen to it." But Michaelson is interested in the photographs as pop artworks, too, à la Andy Warhol. To that end, he has blown some of them up to poster size, stamped them with a number and signed his name. A gallery in Rome was scheduled to exhibit those works this past month.

He has also posted a portion of his collection on the photo-sharing Web site Flickr.com, where people discuss and rate photographs. Responding to a shot of a thin-faced, exhausted-looking Minneapolis woman arrested in 1963, one commentator wrote, "She looks [like] a mean one, doesn't she?" Another said, "That's some serious Minnesotan crossbreeding." And another: "We can tell by her lack of make-up, oral hygiene and feminine charms that it most likely wasn't hooking." Reading the comments, one gets the feeling that Michaelson's mug shots encourage a kind of voyeurism, which doesn't always bring out the best in people.

But we are drawn to the photographs by their undeniable authenticity. In this day of flickering instantaneous images and photo-manipulation software, the mugs stare back as rare artifacts. "In an increasingly digital world," Michaelson notes in the book, "the hard copy original is an endangered species." Yet there's something else. The *Least Wanted* images intrigue us in the way a collection of old passport photos might not. A mug shot captures people at their lowest or most vulnerable. We look hard at their faces, calculating guilt or innocence. And then look harder.

—KATY JUNE-FRIESEN

Striking evidence that one era's mug is another's art, an early 1900s photograph (top) includes the mirror that saved film and captured profiles. "Horse thief" Charles Hardin (inset), from 1893, was said to be a cousin of the notorious killer John Wesley Hardin. Though one of the oldest mug shots (left), from 1883, is labeled as that of burglar Tim O'Brien, most of the pictures in Michaelson's collection (examples, opposite) lack such identifying details, leaving viewers to wonder about the accused.

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There are no holds barred at the annual grudge match in northwest Pakistan's "land of mirth and murder"

BY PAUL RAFFAELE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL NEVIN

At an altitude of 12,300 feet, the Shandur Pass is usually populated by grazing yaks. But once a year it turns into the world's highest polo ground. When teams from Chitral and Gilgit face off—as they have since 1933—tribesmen gather for the mayhem.

BY MIDMORNING'S LIGHT, a military helicopter descends on the Shandur Pass, a 12,300-foot-high valley hemmed in by mountains whose jagged peaks soar another 8,000 feet above us. This part of Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province is usually inhabited only by hardy shepherds and their grazing yaks, but today more than 15,000 assorted tribesmen are on hand as Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf emerges from the chopper, a pistol on his hip. Musharraf, who has survived several assassination attempts, seems to be taking no chances in a province roamed by Muslim extremists. But still, he has come: after all, it's the annual mountain polo match between Chitral and Gilgit, rival towns on either side of the Shandur Pass.

Persians brought the game here a thousand years ago, and it has been favored by prince and peasant ever since. But as played at Shandur, the world's highest polo ground, the game has few rules and no referee. Players and horses go at one another with the abandon that once led a British political agent to label Chitral "the land of mirth and murder."

This valley guards an important chain of passes on the ancient Silk Road linking Western Asia with China. In the 19th century, the area loomed large in the Great Game, the spy-versus-spy shadow play between the Russian and British empires. The exercise of local rule, however, remained with the Ulmulk royal family, whose reign extended from 1571 to 1969, when Chitral was incorporated into Pakistan. It was in reference to the Ulmulks that the British political agent, Surgeon Major George Robertson, wrote in 1895: "Their excesses and revengeful murders went hand in hand with pleasant manners and a pleasing lightheartedness."

Now, as Musharraf takes his place in the stands, the two teams begin parading around the Shandur ground, their stocky mounts tossing their manes and flaring their nostrils. The team from Gilgit, a garrison town, comprises tough-eyed Pakistani soldiers and police officers, and its star player is an army sergeant named Arastu but called Shaheen, or "the Hawk." The Chitral team is led by Prince Sikander, a scion of the Ulmulks—and the losing captain for the past two years. This is his day: to be shamed forever as a three-time loser or redeemed as champion of the mountains.

The Shandur Pass guards an important chain of passes on the ancient Silk Road. In the 4th century B.C., Alexander the Great marched his army through them; in the 19th century, the Russian and British empires spied on each other. Now, Muslim extremists make this one of Pakistan's most unsettled areas.

CHITRAL IS ISOLATED for several months each year by heavy snows, but in warmer weather a propjet can spear through a gap in the high, barren mountains of the Hindu Kush. I first visited the town in the summer of 1998, when I met another Ulmulk son, Sikander's brother Prince Siraj. He owns a local boutique hotel, whose celebrity guests he is not known to fawn over. (He once asked Robert De Niro what he did for a living.) It was Siraj who first told me about the grudge polo match held each July, and it was at his invitation that I returned for last summer's tilt.

As it happened, it was during my first visit that President Clinton ordered the bombing of Osama bin Laden's suspected headquarters in a cave just across the border in Afghanistan. In response, the mullahs in Chitral called for the killing of all foreigners in town after Friday prayers. And so a mob of extremists screamed for our blood as they marched through the bazaar—but the paramilitary police herded me and the few other foreigners around into a hotel until we could be flown out to safety a few days later.

This time, as Siraj and I drive through the bazaar, a warren of hole-in-the-wall shops selling everything from ancient flintlocks to assassin's daggers to juicy melons to pirated running shoes, little seems to have changed. As before, there are no women in sight, and most men are bearded and robed. But then I notice that not a single man wears the black robes, black turban and long beard of the Taliban. "Following 9/11, the government forced them back into Afghanistan," Siraj says. "We were glad to see them go."

The region's tribal warfare and religious strife reach back

PAUL RAFFAELE, *a frequent contributor, visited the Korowai of Indonesian New Guinea for the September issue. Sydney-based photographer* **PAUL NEVIN** *is making his* SMITHSONIAN *debut.*

MAP: MIKE REAGAN; PP. 64, 65 PAUL NEVIN; P. 67 PAUL RAFFAELE (TOP); PAUL NEVIN

millennia. At the same time, the towering mountains and labyrinthine passes have isolated some peoples in time warps all their own. If you roam around, you can find tribes who claim descent from Alexander the Great's army, or meet a wizard who summons snow fairies from the mountains in a ritual that predates even the Macedonian conqueror's time.

The polo match is still a week away, but Siraj says the Chitral team is already in the mountains making for Shandur, usually six hours on bumpy roads by jeep. "Even though the men and their horses are used to high altitudes, the pass is so lofty that they need to acclimatize to its thin air," he says. Sikander and the team spend each night at a different village, playing practice games.

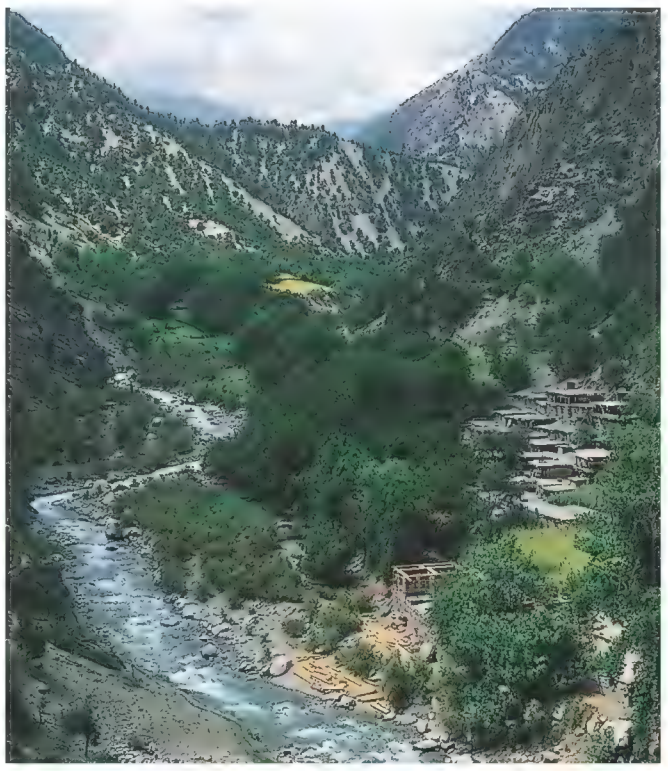
So I have time to kill. First on my list of things I want to know more about is the Kalash, one of the peoples who claim descent from some of the 70,000 troops Alexander led through Chitral on his way to India in 323 B.C.

In the 1890s, some 50,000 Kalash were spread across the frontier in a secluded land called Kafiristan (the name comes from kaffir, the Urdu and Arabic word for "unbeliever"). Westerners may remember it as the setting for Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King*, which was made into a 1975 movie starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine. In 1893, the Afghani sultan Abdur Rahman invaded the land and renamed it Nuristan, or "Land of the Enlightened." He offered the Kalash a choice—forsake their many gods and convert to Islam, or die by the sword. Most converted and assimilated into Muslim villages. But not all.

"There are just 3,000 left, the only pagans in a sea of Muslims from Turkey to Kashmir," says Siraj, who adds that his ancestors include a holy man who married a Kalash princess six centuries ago. The drive to the secluded valleys where the Kalash live will take just a few bone-rattling hours.

On the way out of Chitral we pass the polo grounds, a stretch of lush grass hemmed in by stone walls. Siraj tells me that Sikander—whose name is an adaptation of "Alexander"—practices here most days with his team year-round. "When the Duke of Edinburgh was here a few years ago, he asked my brother what he did for a living, and Sikander replied, 'I play polo.' The Duke thought my brother had misunderstood the question and asked again. 'I play polo,' Sikander answered once more."

An hour out of Chitral we cross a suspension bridge over a surging river and ascend a mountain track



"There are just 3,000 left," a local prince says of the Kalash people, who have pale skin (below) and claim descent from the soldiers of Alexander the Great. But the Kalash feel culturally besieged as Muslim missionaries move into their Rumbur Valley (left) villages.

more suited to goats. I try not to look down as our jeep inches up steep gorges strewn with boulders.

The Kalash village of Bumboret is almost hidden in a cleave cut by a glacial river between two steep mountains lined with dense cedar stands. Eight years ago, there were few Muslims living here, but Siraj says that Saudi-funded Pakistani Muslim missionaries have been moving in. We drive for more than half an hour through Muslim villages before we reach the first Kalash settlement.

One of the most visible distinctions between the two peoples is that Kalash women go unveiled. Their clothing, worn from infancy to old age, is a homespun black robe and headdress that falls down the back like a horse's mane and is festooned with cowrie shells, beads and bells. Women and young girls sport facial tattoos of circles and starbursts.

And in contrast to most Pakistanis, who tend to be swarthy, most Kalash men and women have pale skin; many are blond and some are redheaded. They have aquiline noses and blue or gray eyes, the women outlining them with black powder from the ground-up horns of goats. "Wherever Alexander passed, he left soldiers to marry local women and establish outposts of his empire," Siraj tells me.

That contention, oft repeated in these parts, has recently gotten scientific support. Pakistani geneticist Qasim Mehdi, working with researchers at the Stanford University School of Medicine, has found that Kalash blood, unlike that of other Pakistani peoples, shares DNA markers with that of Germans and Italians. The finding tends to support descent from Alexander's troops, Mehdi said, because the general welcomed troops from other parts of Europe into his army.

As I get out of the jeep, I greet some villagers with "*Ishpadta*," or "Hello"—but most stare silently at me or turn away. Perhaps they feel that no good can come from contacts with the outside world.

An hour's drive deeper into the mountains we come to the village of Rumbur, where I check in with another friend from my previous visit, the Kalash leader Saifulla Jan. His eyes dim when I express surprise at seeing so many Muslims at Bumboret. "I've been fighting in the courts to get back our land from the Muslims for 13 years now, but the case still goes on," he says. Why does it take so long? He shrugs. "Pakistani justice moves slowly. I go to court once a month, but somehow the matter never gets resolved."

Despite Muslim incursions, Saifulla says, the Kalash are defiantly keeping their culture intact through a simple sanction: "If any Kalash converts to Islam, they can't live among us anymore. We keep our identity strong."

The Kalash will need their strength. The region's Muslim tribes have a centuries-long history of enthusiasm for feuding—especially the Ulmulk royal family, entrenched in their capital back at Chitral.

"MANY OF THE MEHTARS [kings] of Chitral have waded to their thrones through streams of blood," the British historian C. Collin Davies wrote in 1932 in *The Northwest Frontier*. The book is in the Ulmulk family collection in Chitral, along with several others containing equally intriguing descriptions of the royals. When I wonder aloud whether the Gilgit polo team stands a chance against the descendants of such cutthroats, Siraj smiles with princely modesty.

"Whenever a king died or was murdered, his sons began killing each other until one gained the throne," he elaborates. "Once there, he was never secure, because the surviving brothers usually plotted to kill him and seize the throne."

He takes me to a fort beside the swirling Chitral River. The fort's 25-foot walls are made from mud reinforced with timber and rocks, and one of them has been blackened by fire—a reminder, Siraj says, of extensive royal bloodletting in the 1890s.

"We've given up fighting with guns and swords, and now do battle on the polo field," he says. The change has done wonders for Ulmulk longevity, at least judging from Prince Khushwaqt Ulmulk. The prince, who happens to be Siraj and Sikander's father, is 94.

He lives in a modest bungalow beside a fort in Mastuj, on the Chitral side of the Shandur Pass. The following day I head out with a guide on a four-hour trip over a precipitous dirt road shadowed by 20,000-foot peaks to visit him.

Following Chitrali tradition, Khushwaqt was appointed governor of Mastuj on the day he was born. A month later, his father sent him there to be

"My family has ruled Hunza for 900 years," says Ghazanfar Ali Khan, king of Hunza; like the Kalash, his people trace their roots to Alexander's army. Their land, amid the Karakoram Mountains, was largely isolated until a road was cut through to China in 1978.

PAUL RAFFAELE

raised by a noble family. "I grew up knowing the people and languages of the place I'd one day rule," the lively old man tells me. "When I was 4, my father married me to a 6-year-old noble girl. When I met my father again, at age 9, instead of greeting me, he pressed a lighted cigarette against my face. He was testing my toughness."

Khushwaqt went on to become an army colonel under British rule, charged with subduing rebellious Pathan tribesmen in the Northwest Frontier Province. He says he loved the rough and tumble. Even now, he invests his memories of royal infighting with nostalgia. "When the British put an end to it, they spoiled the fun," he says.

When our talk turns to polo, he tells me that a win in this year's match is vital for his son's pride and reputation. "If Sikander loses again this year," he says, "the villagers all the way to Chitral will pelt him with tomatoes and curses as he and the team bring home their horses."

He pauses, then adds with a wry smile: "That's better than putting him to the sword, like they might have done in years past."

We sip tea beneath a steep slope where ibex gambol, and our talk turns to tactics. "The Gilgit team uses black magic to win," Khushwaqt says. "But we spurn such evil."

I may soon see what he's talking about—my next destination is a region north of Gilgit, called Hunza, which is home of the wizard who is said to summon the snow fairies.

PAUL NEVIN

"They resemble humans, but their mouths are wider and their legs are much longer than ours, with the feet facing backward," Mashraf Khan (standing) says of the snow fairies that, in Hunza tradition, inhabit the surrounding mountains. As the royally appointed "wizard," he puts himself into a trance and summons the fairies in order to receive their prophecies.

HUNZA LIES IN A VALLEY close to the Chinese border, amid the savage beauty of the Karakoram Mountains. Nearby, the peak called Rakaposhi towers at 25,707 feet, and Ultar Mountain protects a once-secret pass to Central Asia. Hunza was largely cut off from the world until a road was hacked into the mountains in 1978, linking it with western China.

Today, the valley has a population of about 50,000, and the slopes are thick with apple, peach and apricot orchards. Mud hut villages front terraced fields of wheat, barley and potato dug out of the dizzying rock slopes. Friendly-looking people throng the bazaars lining the road. Unlike the lowland Pakistanis, the Hunzakuts are rosy-cheeked and fair-skinned, with blue, green or gray eyes. Their hair ranges from corn yellow to raven black. Here, too, the women wear no veils with their colorful robes and scarves. And here, too, Mehdi, the Pakistani geneticist, has found genetic links to Alexander's army.

On my 1998 visit to the region, Ghazanfar Ali Khan, Hunza's pale-skinned king, greeted me at the steps of the

700-year-old Baltar Fort, a granite stronghold in the region's capital, Karimabad. His black velvet robe was embroidered with gold thread, and he wore leather slippers with upturned toes. Precious jewels studded his headband, from which a feather fluttered in the breeze. At 48, the king still had a warrior's face, and his piercing blue eyes gripped mine.

"My family has ruled Hunza for 900 years," he said as we climbed the fort's stone steps to the rooftop courtyard to gaze over the verdant valley. One of his royal predecessors reportedly bragged of his descent from a union between Alexander and one of the snow fairies inhabiting the alpine meadows and icy peaks. Ghazanfar pointed to Rakaposhi and said, "Our wizard can call down the snow fairies to dance with him."

The wizard of Hunza is Mashraf Khan, 40, a stocky, dark-hued man with wild eyes. He was appointed to the job when he was 8 years old by Ghazanfar's father. When I meet him over a pot of tea, Mashraf tells me that when he dances with the snow fairies, they help him see the future. "Two hundred years ago, a wizard here prophesied that metal horses carrying men would one day fly through the sky, and so it happened," he says. Now he will carry out a ritual that Alexander himself might have seen.

On a field facing Rakaposhi, three musicians sit cross-legged on the grass playing drums and flutes. The wizard, clad in pantaloons and a cream woolen coat, bends over a fire of sacred juniper leaves, inhales deeply and leaps into the air. Then he looks skyward and smiles beatifically. "He sees the snow fairies coming," my guide explains.

As the music quickens, Mashraf charges around the clearing, whirling, face beaming. Suddenly, he twitches and jerks as if an invisible person has him on a string. "He's dancing with the snow fairy queen," the guide whispers.

Mashraf bends low over the musicians and begins to sing in a thin voice, echoing a prophecy related to him by the snow fairy queen. Then he rises, spins furiously, then abruptly falls down and lies as still as death on his back, his arms outstretched.

After he has "recovered," Mashraf tells me that the snow fairy queen and several subordinate fairies came to dance with him. "They resemble humans, but their mouths are wider and their legs are much longer than ours, with the feet facing backward," he says matter-of-factly. "They have wings to fly through the air, and are clad in green robes."

Of course I am eager to know what the snow fairy queen prophesied, but when I hear his answer, I am sorry I asked: "A girl will die a month from now, falling into the river to the north," he says.

"I can't see how the horses can go at it for half an hour at a time without rest," says a spectator at the Chitral-Gilgit game, noting that chukkers usually last a mere seven and a half minutes—and that's at sea level. Under grudge-match rules, captains may choose to play on in the event of a tie.

Regulation time is over, the score is tied, the captains have chosen to play on—but then a bomb scare sends spectators rushing onto the field. Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf, the survivor of several assassination attempts, kept his seat for the few minutes it took to restore order and resume play.

AS THE DAY OF THE POLO MATCH draws near, the slopes of the Shandur Pass have become thick with tribesmen who traveled from across the region. Tents have spread across the slopes like desert daisies after a rain, and charred mutton kebabs scent the air. The two rival teams have pitched their tents close by each other, separated only by a rocky knoll. Their battle flags flap furiously in the wind while their flint-eyed horses, tethered to poles, paw the ground.

In a tent amid the Chitral cluster, Prince Sikander sips tea with visitors. At 49, he resembles a middle-aged Freddie Mercury from the band Queen. He seems self-assured, but his eyes look wary. "Polo started about 2,500 years ago as a Persian cavalry training exercise, and there were up to 100 players on each side," he tells me. "It was like a battle, not a sport. Our form of polo is closest to the original, although we have just six players on a team."

The grudge match was established in 1933 by Col. Evelyn Hey Cobb, a polo-loving British political agent, in an effort to unify the region. Today marks the beginning of a three-day tournament, whose preliminary matches pit lesser teams from each side of the pass against each other. In the first game, a team from the Chitral side is easily beaten. That night, as a numbing wind sweeps down from the mountains, the Chitralis throw off their gloom from the loss with traditional dancing, twirling to wailing flutes and thudding drums. But in keeping with local Muslim custom, women are utterly absent from the revelry, remaining in the tents that dot the slopes.

The next day, the play is faster and more furious. As one player—a schoolteacher by day—charges an opponent to get the ball, his horse trips and cartwheels across the field, snapping its neck. The rider walks away with scratches and bruises, but the horse has to be euthanized by a veterinarian. After play resumes, the team from the Chitral side of the pass vanquishes the team from the Gilgit side. That leaves the sides tied with one victory each, but the preliminaries are incidental: only the final game really counts.

That night I walk over to the Gilgit tents. Their star, the Hawk, is tall and spare as a hunting knife. "I've been playing polo at Shandur for 20 years," he tells me in Urdu, which is translated by one of his teammates as acolytes scurry to serve us tea and biscuits. He introduces me to Mohammad Fakir, a shaman, who tells me he has cast a spell to ensure Gilgit's third straight victory in the big game. "Sikander and his team don't stand a chance," the Hawk boasts.

PAUL NEVIN; PP. 70, 71 PAUL NEVIN

ON THE DAY OF THE FINAL MATCH, the stands are packed, with Chitral fans on one side and Gilgit fans on the other. A few hundred women, faces veiled, are clustered in a separate stand at the field's far end. Musharraf has taken a seat on the Chitral side, which offered a grandstand.

A toss of the ball starts the 60-minute game. I'm standing at a break in the low wall with several police officers, and time after time we have to jump to safety as the players rush straight at us in pursuit of a mis-hit ball. They crash their mounts into their opponents', seeking to unseat them, or lash out with their mallets, indiscriminately whacking horse and human. Up close, the grunting and thwacking are terrifying.

Sikander and a Gilgit player tear after a ball, both so low in the saddle that their heads threaten to hit the ground. The Gilgit horse noses ahead, and the rider takes a mighty swipe, sending the ball hurtling into the goal. Thousands of Gilgits cheer as an equal number of Chitralis groan.

Siraj's son-in-law, Shah Qubilal Alam of Lahore, captain of Pakistan's polo team, watches from the main grandstand. He shakes his head at the violence. "We've so many rules in mainstream polo, you can't do this, you can't do that, strictly controlled by a referee. . . . In our polo, a chukker lasts just seven and a half minutes, and then you change horses. And that's at sea level. I can't see how the horses can go at it for half an hour at a time without a rest."

Sikander charges into melee after melee, sometimes hitting the ball, sometimes lashing an opponent. He scores the first goal for Chitral, and to the roar of his supporters charges straight down the field, holding the ball in the same hand as his mallet. With the many bands playing his special song, he tosses the ball into the air as he reaches midfield and with his mallet thumps it on the fly deep into enemy territory. This maneuver—the *thampuk*—signals the restart of play after the goal.

At halftime, the score is 3 all. While players and horses try to catch their breath, soldiers take to the playing field to perform traditional sword dances. After a half-hour, the game resumes, and the score seesaws through the second half—which finally ends with the teams tied at 5 goals each.

Siraj, who has been doing commentary over the PA system, announces that the teams may now elect to toss a coin to decide the winner or play on for ten minutes of overtime. "They have pushed themselves beyond their limits, and any more could be dangerous to man and horse," he intones.

But Shandur Pass mountain men don't toss coins. The horses' chests are heaving, and the game has slowed a bit, but the two captains insist that they play on. They get an unplanned breather when a bomb scare empties thousands of seats. But authorities soon determine that the "bomb" was a cigarette lighter detonated by overheating in the sun, and play resumes.

Overtime ends with the score tied at 7 all. Siraj, at the microphone, pleads for the players to toss a coin to end the match. But no one is surprised when both captains insist on playing ten minutes more.

The tension has become almost unbearable. Even with the score still tied, Siraj announces that "this is the greatest game ever" in the grudge match's 73-year history.

Play resumes, and Chitral scores a goal, and then another—Sikander's third of the game—to put the game beyond doubt. At last, it's over: Chitral 9, Gilgit 7.

As Sikander hurtles down the field and performs a final thampuk, the ground shakes from the Chitralis' cheering and stomping. Pakistani soldiers armed with assault rifles ring the field as President Musharraf strides onto the ground. Spurred on by flutes and drums, he lifts his arms in the air and performs a traditional Chitrali victory dance with Sikander and his team.

Amid the tumult, Prince Khushwaqt approaches the field with the brisk enthusiasm of a much younger man, but a soldier bars his way. In true Ulmulk style, the nonagenarian thrusts the soldier's gun aside with his walking stick and embraces his victorious son.

To the Ulmulks go this year's spoils: Prince Sikander (below) waves after staving off his third straight defeat as Chitral's captain. His 94-year-old father, Prince Khushwaqt (above), receives his royal due as the victory celebration continues into the night.

PAUL NEVIN (2)

House Proud

High design in a factory-made home? Michelle Kaufmann believes she holds the key

BY WILLIAM BOOTH

LIKE THE ROBOT MAID and the flying car, the perfect prefab house seems like one of those futuristic promises that never quite come true. You know the house: a light and airy, clean and green 3 BR, 2 BA constructed of renewable, energy-efficient materials—delivered to your doorstep. A modern house you can buy the way you buy almost everything else, with a click of the mouse. A modular house that can be assembled in an afternoon and comes complete, right down to the towel racks in the bathroom. Just plug in the utilities.

This is the house that Michelle Kaufmann believes she has designed—a young architect's answer to the challenge of bringing good design to the masses. "We want to create sustainable homes, of high quality, for a reasonable price, for the middle classes," says Kaufmann, 38. And to do that, she says, "you need an assembly line."

Not too long ago, Kaufmann bumped into her old boss, architect and design maestro Frank O. Gehry. "You know," he said, "some pretty smart people have tried this and failed." Indeed, several masters of 20th-century architecture saw the promise of prefab—giants such as Walter Gropius, Charles and Ray Eames and Joseph Eichler—but they could not redeem it.

But where others have failed, Kaufmann sees a way. Gropius or the Eameses could have built the factories to make their prefabricated homes, she says, but they lacked a crucial piece of technology. "The Internet is the key," she says. "A house is not a toothbrush," meaning a one-size-fits-all, perishable good. "You need and want to interface with the customer," to get a sense of how your building might be tailored to individual needs.

But instead of taking a dozen meetings with an architect, pinning down a hundred details, a Kaufmann prefab buyer meets with her once and then communicates with her through a Web site and by e-mail, selecting from a limited menu of options. "If you had to take meetings, you could never have mass production," says Kaufmann, who grew up in Iowa and holds degrees in architecture from Iowa State and Princeton universities. "But with e-mail, we can make the changes, we can tweak in an instant. You can keep the process moving forward."

The prefab house is hot again, at least in the pages of shelter magazines, and Kaufmann's designs are some of the smartest around; she has "definitively answered the question, 'Why prefab?'" wrote Allison Arieff when she was editor of *dwell* magazine. One of them is on view through June 3 at the National Building Museum in Washington, D.C., in an exhibit titled "The Green House: New Directions in Sustainable Architecture and Design." Another one, a demonstration project Kaufmann did with *Sunset* magazine in 2004, went up in a parking lot in Menlo Park, California, and was visited by some 25,000 people over two days. On her own she has designed a third, called mkSolaire, tailored more for urban than suburban lots. Kaufmann's firm's Web site (mkd-arc.com) has received some 15,000 inquiries for information on her modular homes.

How many prefabs has Kaufmann built? A dozen. Which hardly constitutes a revolution—high design, tailored prefab still remains more of an idea than a product line, but Kaufmann vows to change that.

She came to her "eureka" moment through personal experience. In 2002, she and her then-new husband, Kevin Cullen, a carpenter and contractor, began to look for a place to live in the San Francisco Bay Area; they quickly confronted the brutal realities of a real estate market gone bananas. Their choices were as frustrating as they are familiar: pay a gazillion dollars for a tear-down in close-in Oakland (and end up with no money to rebuild) or move to the far reaches of former farmland for a long commute from a soul-sucking tract of mini-mansions.

They looked for six months. "It was really depressing," Kaufmann recalls. "I seriously thought about what kinds of bad decisions had I made in my life to end up in a place where we could not afford a home. We actually went into therapy."

So they decided to build a house themselves. They found a narrow lot in suburban Marin County, and Cullen went to work on a Kaufmann design with a simple but beguiling floor plan of connected rectangles, just 1,560 square feet, with an

PETER MENZEL

"I was just young and naive enough not to know how hard this would be," says Kaufmann (at home).

"They didn't want me to design them another house. They wanted *our* house, the exact same house."

Kaufmann's home was built on-site and from scratch—and ended up costing about $50 more per square foot than the factory-made version.

easy flow from space to space—a curtain of glass doors under a shed roof covered with solar panels. They called it the Glidehouse. Friends took a look at the plans and said: Make us one too. "This is the thing," Kaufmann says. "They didn't want me to design them another house. They wanted *our* house, the exact same house. And that's when I thought, hmm, could we make this in mass production?"

To hear her preach the prefab gospel, building a home from scratch, on-site—with what she calls "sticks"—makes little sense, while a factory committed to punching out Glidehouses provides nothing but advantages. There is quality control and little waste. Because the house moves down an assembly line, shuttled from station to station with overhead cranes and constructed on a grid with precision cuts, the joinery is plumb, the angles true.

"The factory reuses; the stick builder throws trash in the dumpster. With prefab, you build only what is needed," says Kaufmann. "The wood and other materials are not exposed to rain and the elements. There is also the human element: you know people are going to show up for work. There's no waiting for the subcontractor."

To prove the idea's benefits, Kaufmann performed an experiment in 2003 and 2004. While Cullen built the Glidehouse prototype from scratch on their Marin County lot, she worked with a manufacturer to complete an identical Glidehouse in a factory. The results: the site-built Glidehouse took 21 months to design, engineer and permit, and 14 months to build. The modular version was built in four months. (Kaufmann thinks she can shave this down to six weeks or less.) The site-built home cost $363,950 to build, or $233 per square foot, while the modular house cost $290,500, or $182 per square foot, including shipping. Both required additional spending for lots, foundations, landscaping, driveways, decks and garages.

After the experiment, Kaufmann dedicated her firm exclusively to prefab construction. "I was just young and naive enough not to know how hard this would be," she says.

Kaufmann soon learned that there were established companies already manufacturing modular structures for oil-field workers or temporary classrooms—decent boxes for temporary shelter, though hardly Glidehouses, with their lightweight paperstone kitchen countertops made of recycled paper, their roofs ready for clip-on solar panels and their clerestory windows. But her efforts to reach them were unavailing—she would discover that they wouldn't even call her back because they considered architects too difficult, and too time-consuming, to work with.

Undeterred, she says, "I basically became a stalker" and got through to a few manufacturers, enough to persuade them that "the future can be much more than what they had been doing." She contracted with them to make 11 Glidehouses and 1 Breezehouse, but she was still frustrated by the length of time the revolution was taking. So in 2006, she took the plunge and bought her own factory, 25,000 square feet east of Seattle, from a retiring modular house builder. She moved in this past October, with a goal of producing 10,000 prefabs over the next ten years. That's close to the number of post-and-beam houses—still considered jewels of mid-century modernism—that Joseph Eichler built in California between 1949 and 1974.

For Kaufmann, prefab offers something else worth celebrating: a truly green building. "We've already done all the homework to find the most sustainable materials," she says. A client may like a bathroom to be blue or green, but either way it will be lined with recycled glass tiles, finished with nontoxic paint, lit by energy-efficient fluorescent bulbs and equipped with low-flow faucets and a tankless water heater.

"I think about the house like I think about a hybrid car," says Kaufmann, who drives a Toyota Prius. "You can be more efficient, but you don't have to change your life. With the hybrid, you still go to the gas station and fill it up. With the prefab houses, you make it easier to go green."

Her most cherished insight? "You have to stop thinking like an architect and start thinking like a manufacturer," Kaufmann says. "When I started on this, I didn't realize that the way to do it was to do it all."

WILLIAM BOOTH *is a Los Angeles-based staff writer for the* Washington Post *who covers culture and the arts.*

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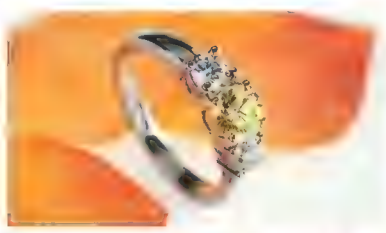
During our visit, he proudly displayed a brilliant round-cut Canary diamond, explaining that natural yellow color diamonds are 10,000 times more rare than their brilliant white, colorless counterparts. Turning the stone in the light, he said the intensity of color is of paramount importance, and clarity increases the inherent value of a high-quality color diamond. He said this fine Canary Yellow gemstone, framed by two white diamonds, should retail for at least $10,000. As my broker admired this treasure, I decided now was the time for a little amusement.



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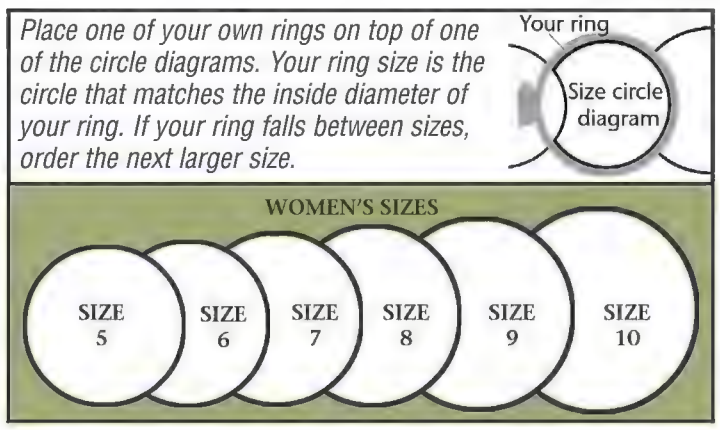

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AMERICANS

"It is a very simple truth," novelist Henry James wrote in 1887, "that when today we look for 'American art' we find it mainly in Paris." John Singer Sargent captured the pearly light of dusk in Paris in his 1879 work *In the Luxembourg Gardens*.

In the late 19th century, the City of Light beckoned Whistler, Sargent, Cassatt and other young artists. As a new exhibition makes clear, what they experienced would transform American art **BY ARTHUR LUBOW**

IN PARIS

HER SKIN POWDERED lavender-white and her ears provocatively rouged, Virginie Avegno Gautreau, a Louisiana native who married a prosperous French banker, titillated Parisian society. People talked as much of her reputed love affairs as of her exotic beauty. In late 1882, determined to capture Madame Gautreau's distinctive image, the young American painter John Singer Sargent pursued her like a trophy hunter. At first she resisted his importunings to sit for a portrait, but in early 1883, she acquiesced. During that year, at her home in Paris and in her country house in Brittany, Sargent painted Gautreau in sessions that she would peremptorily cut short. He had had enough free time between sittings that he had taken on another portrait—this one commissioned—of Daisy White, the wife of an American diplomat about to be posted to London. Sargent hoped to display the two pictures—the sophisticated Gautreau in a low-cut black evening dress and the proper, more matronly White in a frilly cream-and-white gown—in 1883 at the Paris Salon, the most prestigious art show in the city. Instead, because of delays, the finished paintings would not be exhibited until the following year at, respectively, the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy in London. Seeing them together as Sargent intended is one of the pleasures of "Americans in Paris, 1860-1900," now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City (after earlier stops at the National Gallery of London and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston) through January 28, 2007.

The two portraits point like opposing signposts to the roads that Sargent might choose to travel. The Gautreau hearkens back to the 17th-century Spanish master Velázquez, whose radically pared-down, full-length portraits in a restricted palette of blacks, grays and browns inspired Édouard Manet and many modern painters. The White recalls the pastel-colored depictions by 18th-century English society painters such as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough and George Romney.

Gautreau's upthrust chin and powdered flesh, with a strap of her gown suggestively fallen from her shoulder, caused a scandal; both painter and sitter were vilified as "detestable" and "monstrous." One critic wrote that the

John Singer Sargent (below, left, in his Paris studio, c. 1885, with his "scandalous" portrait of Madame Gautreau, aka *Madame X*) wanted to exhibit the Gautreau work along with his more conservative portrait of Mrs. Henry (Daisy) White (below, right) in the 1883 Paris Salon, but he didn't finish them in time.

ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C., GIFT OF JOHN CAMPBELL WHITE; PP. 78, 79 PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, THE JOHN G. JOHNSON COLLECTION

FINE ARTS MUSEUM OF SAN FRANCISCO, CA, GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III; MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. GIFT OF NANCY HALE BOWERS

"Never had I seen or heard such bedlam. . . . Never were windows opened," said one artist of the Académie Julian (above, Jefferson David Chalfant's 1891 rendering of an Académie atelier). Boston artist Ellen Day Hale (left, in an 1885 self-portrait) spent three years studying in Paris.

portrait was "offensive in its insolent ugliness and defiance of every rule of art." At Sargent's studio on the night of the Salon opening, Gautreau's mother complained to the artist that "all Paris is making fun of my daughter. She is ruined." He resolutely denied her plea to have the picture removed. But after the exhibition closed, he repainted the dropped strap, putting it back into its proper place. He kept the painting in his personal collection, and when he finally sold it to the Metropolitan Museum in 1916, he asked that it be identified only as a portrait of "Madame X." It is "the best thing I have done," he wrote at the time.

The outraged response to the Gautreau portrait helped push Sargent toward the safer shores of society portraiture. He was more interested in pleasing than in challenging his public. That may be what novelist Henry James had in mind when he wrote to a friend in 1888 that he had "always thought Sargent a great painter. He would be greater still if he had one or two things he isn't—but he will do."

James' description of the influence of Paris on American painters of the late 19th century also still rings true: "It sounds like a paradox, but it is a very simple truth, that when today we look for 'American art' we find it mainly in Paris," he wrote in 1887. "When we find it out of Paris, we at least find a great deal of Paris in it."

The City of Light shone like a beacon for many American artists, who felt better appreciated there than in their own business-preoccupied country. By the late 1880s, it was estimated that one in seven of the 7,000 Americans living in

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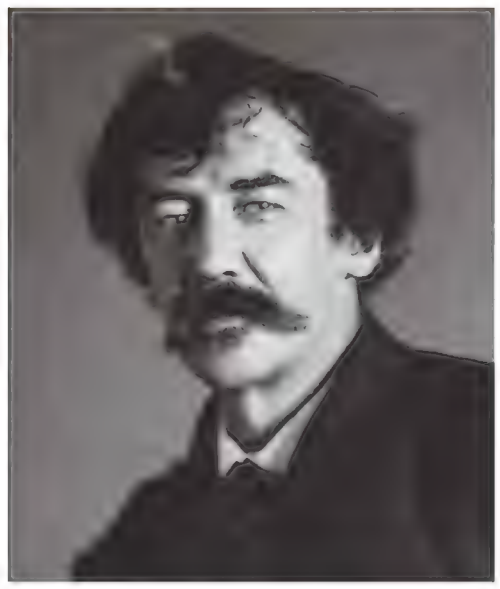
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM MUSEUM OF ART, HARTFORD, CT. IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM ARNOLD HEALEY, GIVEN BY HIS DAUGHTER SUSIE HEALEY CAMP; HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION / CORBIS

Paris were artists or art students. For women especially, the French capital offered an intoxicating freedom. "They were Americans, so they weren't bound by the conventions of French society," says Erica E. Hirshler of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, one of the exhibition's three curators. "And they were no longer in America, so they escaped those restrictions too."

A striking self-portrait by Ellen Day Hale (p. 81), painted just before she returned to her native Boston, makes the point. Seen from below, her head tilted slightly, Hale is every bit the *flâneur*—that disengaged but acutely perceptive stroller through Parisian crowds celebrated by poet Charles Baudelaire as the archetypal modern figure (by which he, of course, meant "man"). "It's an amazing portrait for a woman in 1885 to be that forthright and direct and determined-looking," says Hirshler.

In America, only Philadelphia and New York City could provide the kind of rigorous artistic training, based on observation of the nude model, available in the French capital. "Go straight to Paris," the prominent Boston painter William Morris Hunt told a 17-year-old art student. "All you learn here you will have to unlearn." Paris offered the aspiring artist three educational options. Most renowned (and the hardest to enter) was the École des Beaux-Arts, the venerable state-owned institution that gave tuition-free instruction—under the supervision of such Salon luminaries as artists Jean-Léon Gérôme and Alexandre Cabanel—to students admitted by a highly competitive examination. A parallel system of private academies dispensed comparable training for a fee. (Women, who were barred from the École until 1897, typically paid twice what men were charged.) The most successful of these art-education entrepreneurs was Rodolphe Julian, whose Académie Julian drew so many applicants that he would open several branches in the city. Finally, a less formal avenue of tutelage was offered by painters who examined and criticized student work, in many cases for the pure satisfaction of mentoring. (Students provided studio space and models.)



James McNeill Whistler (left, c. 1878) painted *Coast of Brittany*, his first seascape in oil, in 1861. The realistic work reflects the influence of his friend, French artist Gustave Courbet.

The feeling of being an art student at the time is convinc-

ingly rendered in Jefferson David Chalfant's jewel-like 1891 depiction of an atelier at the Académie Julian (p. 81). Clusters of men at easels gather around nude models, who maintain their poses on plank tables that serve as makeshift pedestals. Weak rays of sunshine filter through the skylight, illuminating student drawings and paintings on the walls. A veil of cigarette smoke hangs in air so visibly stuffy that, more than a century later, it can still induce an involuntary cough.

Outside the halls of academe, starting in the 1860s, the French Impressionists were redefining artistic subject matter and developing original techniques. In their cityscapes, they recorded prostitutes, lonely drinkers and alienated crowds. In their landscapes, they rejected the conventions of black shading and gradually modulated tones in favor of staring hard at the patterns of light and color that deliver an image to the eye and reproducing it with dabs of paint. Even when depicting something as familiar as a haystack, Claude Monet was rethinking the way in which a paintbrush can render a visual experience.

Taking advantage of their proximity, many of the young American artists in Paris journeyed to the epicenter of the Impressionist movement, Monet's rural retreat northwest of the city at Giverny. In 1885, Sargent and another young painter, Willard Metcalf, may have been the first Americans to visit Monet there. In *The Ten Cent Breakfast*, which Metcalf painted two years later, he brought his Académie Julian training to bear on the thriving social scene of visitors at the Hotel Baudy, a favorite Giverny hangout. However, in these surroundings, Impressionism evidently impressed him: his 1886 *Poppy Field (Landscape at Giverny)* owes a great deal to Monet's Impressionist style (and subject matter). By the summer of 1887, other American artists, including Theodore Robinson and John Leslie Breck, were making the pilgrimage.

Monet preached the virtue of painting scenes of one's native surroundings. And although Sargent remained a lifelong expatriate, many of the Americans who studied in France returned to the United States to develop their own brand of Impressionism. Some started summer colonies for artists—in Cos Cob and Old Lyme, Connecticut; Gloucester, Massachusetts; and East Hampton, New York—that resembled the French painters' haunts of Pont-Aven, Grez-sur-Loing and Giverny. These young artists were much like the

"After all give me France—women do not have to fight for recognition here, if they do serious work," wrote Mary Cassatt (left in 1914, at age 70). The only American to exhibit with the Impressionists, she painted *Little Girl in a Blue Armchair* (below) in 1878.

THE GRANGER COLLECTION; NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C., COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. PAUL MELLON

Dennis Miller Bunker painted *Chrysanthemums* in 1888 after returning to the United States. His fluid, Impressionistic portrayal of the effects of light on early autumn flowers in the greenhouse of his friend, Boston art patron Isabella Stewart Gardner, reveals the impact of the time he spent in Paris.

ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON / PHOTOGRAPH BY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

American chefs of a century later, who, having learned the importance of using fresh, seasonal ingredients from the French pioneers of nouvelle cuisine, devised menus that highlighted the California harvest, yet still somehow tasted inescapably French. A Gallic aroma clings to Robinson's *Port Ben, Delaware and Hudson Canal* (1893)—with its cloud-flecked sky and flat New York State landscape evoking the northern French plain—as well as to Breck's view of suburban Boston, *Grey Day on the Charles* (1894), with its lily pads and rushes reminiscent of Giverny.

The Impressionism that the Americans brought home from France was decorative and decorous. It reiterated techniques that had been pioneered in France and avoided the unpleasant truths of American urban life. "What's distinctive about American Impressionism, for better or worse, is that it's late," says H. Barbara Weinberg of the Metropolitan Museum, one of the show's co-curators. "French Impressionism is presented to these artists fully formed as something to develop and adapt. They are not there on the edge of invention." The movement appeared in America just as, two decades old, it was losing momentum in France. "By 1886, Renoir is rejecting even his own relatively conservative Impressionist efforts, and Seurat is challenging Impressionism with *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*," says Weinberg. But in America, 1886 was the high-water mark of Impressionism—the year of the landmark exhibitions staged in New York City by Paul Durand-Ruel, the chief Parisian dealer of French Impressionism, providing an opportunity for those unfortunates who had never been to France to see what all the commotion was about.

For many visitors, the revelation of the current exhibition will be an introduction to some artists whose reputations have faded. One of these is Dennis Miller Bunker, who seemed destined for great things before his death from meningitis in 1890 at the age of 29. Bunker had studied under Gérôme at the École des Beaux-Arts, but he developed his Impressionist flair only after leaving France, probably through his friendship with Sargent (both were favorites of the wealthy Boston collector Isabella Stewart Gardner) and from a familiarity with the many Monet paintings he saw in public collections once he settled in Boston. His *Chrysanthemums* of 1888 depicts a profusion of potted flowers in a greenhouse at the Gardners' summer home. With its boldly stippled brushwork and bright masses of color, the energetic *Chrysanthemums* is a pioneering work.

Although numerous American artists came to view themselves as Impressionists, only one would ever exhibit

with the French Impressionists themselves. Mary Cassatt was in many ways a singular phenomenon. Born in Pittsburgh in 1844, she moved with her affluent family to Europe as a child and spent most of her life in France. A display of Degas pastels she saw at age 31 in a Parisian dealer's window transformed her vision. "I used to go and flatten my nose against that window and absorb all I could of his art," she later wrote. "It changed my life. I saw art then as I wanted to see it." She struck up a friendship with the cantankerous older painter, and after the Salon rejected her work in 1877, he suggested that she show with the Impressionists instead. At their next exhibition, which wasn't held until 1879, she was represented by 11 paintings and pastels. "She has infinite talent," Degas proclaimed. She went on to participate in three more of their shows.

"When Cassatt is good, she easily holds her own against her French counterparts," Weinberg says. "She speaks Impressionism with a different accent, although I don't know that you can say with an American accent, because she wasn't in America much after 1875." Cassatt's subject matter diverged from the usual Impressionist fare. As a woman, she could not freely visit the bars and cabarets that Degas and his colleagues immortalized. Her specialty was intimate scenes of mothers with their children.

Yet even Cassatt, notwithstanding her great accomplishments, was more follower than leader. There was just one truly original American painter in Paris: James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Older than most of the other artists in this exhibition and, following an early childhood in New England, a lifelong resident of Europe (mainly London and Paris), he was a radical innovator. Not until the Abstract Expressionists of mid-20th-century New York does one encounter other American artists with the personality and creativity to reverse the direction of influence between the continents. "He is ahead of the pack—among the Americans and also among the French," says Weinberg. "What he does is go from Realism to Post-Impressionism without going through Impressionism." The exhibition documents how startlingly rapid that transformation was—from the realistic seascape *Coast of Brittany* (1861), reminiscent of his friend, Gustave Courbet; to the symbolically suggestive *Symphony in White, No. 1: The White Girl* (1862), a painting of a wide-eyed young woman (his mistress, Jo Hiffernan); and, finally, to the emer-

"A true historical painter, it seems to me, is one who paints the life he sees about him, and so makes a record of his own epoch," said Childe Hassam (left, c. 1915). His Parisian street scene *At the Florist* (below) was exhibited at the 1890 Paris Salon.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; CHRYSLER MUSEUM OF ART, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA. GIFT OF WALTER P. CHRYSLER, JR.

Visit Smithsonian.com for an interview with the author.

gence, in 1865, of a mature, Post-Impressionist style in such paintings as *The Sea* and *Harmony in Blue and Silver: Trouville* (not included in the New York version of the show), in which he divides the canvas into broad bands of color and applies the paint as thinly, he liked to say, as breath on a pane of glass. From then on, Whistler would think of subject matter merely as something to be worked on harmonically, as a composer plays with a musical theme to produce a mood or impression. The purely abstract paintings of Mark Rothko lie just over Whistler's horizon.

However, as this exhibition makes clear, most of the late-19th-century American painters in Paris were conformists, not visionaries. The leading American practitioner of Impressionism was Childe Hassam, who shared Whistler's love of beauty but not his avant-garde spirit. Arriving in Paris in 1886 at the relatively advanced age of 27, Hassam was already a skilled painter and found his lessons at the Académie Julian to be deadening "nonsense." He chose instead to paint picturesque street scenes in the Impressionist style. Returning to America in 1889, he paid lip service to the idea that an artist should document modern life, however gritty, but the New York City he chose to portray was uniformly attractive, and the countryside, even more so. Visiting his friend, poet Celia Thaxter, on the Isles of Shoals in New Hampshire, he painted a series of renowned flower pictures in her cutting garden. Even in this idyllic spot, he had to edit out tawdry bits of encroaching commercial tourism.

Hassam adamantly denied that he had been directly influenced by Monet and the other Impressionists, implicating instead the earlier Barbizon School of French painters and Dutch landscape artist Johan Barthold Jongkind. But his disavowal of Monet was disingenuous. Hassam's celebrated "flag paintings"—scenes of Fifth Avenue draped in patriotic bunting, which he began in 1916 after a New York City parade in support of the Allied cause in World War I—drew their lineage from Monet's *The Rue Montorgeuil, Paris, Festival of June 30, 1878*, which was exhibited in Paris in 1889, while Hassam was a student there. Unfortunately, something got lost in the translation. The rippling excitement and confined energy of Monet's scene becomes static in Hassam's treatment: still beautiful, but embalmed.

Indeed by the time of Hassam's flag paintings, the life had gone out of both the French Academy and French Impressionism. Alluring as always, Paris remained the capital of Western art, but the art had changed. Now Paris was the city of Picasso and Matisse. For the new generation of modern American painters flocking to Paris, "academic" was a pejorative. They probably would have found the portrait of a society beauty in a low-cut gown a little bit conventional and not at all shocking.

Boston-born Winslow Homer, who spent ten months in France in 1866-67, won a gold medal at Paris' 1900 Exposition Universelle for *A Summer Night* (below), his luminous 1890 painting of a gathering outside his Prout's Neck, Maine, studio. The loosely painted, light-filled sea reveals French influence.

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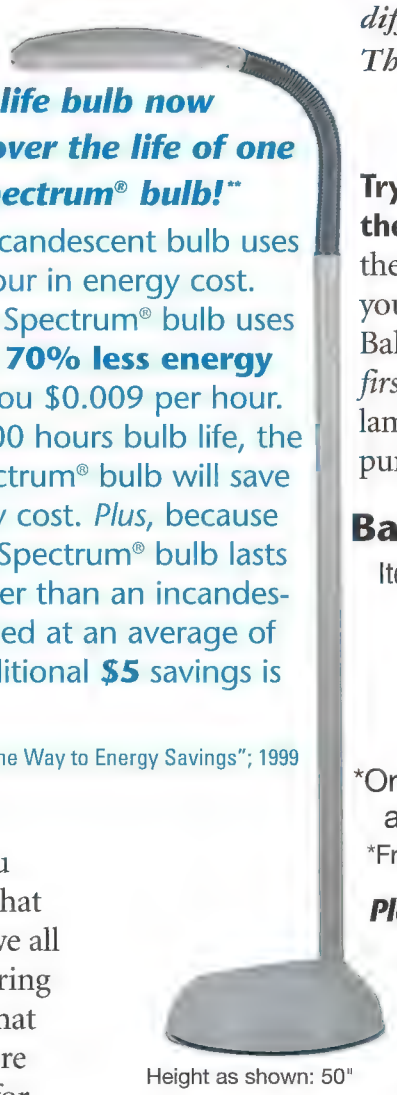

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THE SHADOW KNOWS

Why a leading expert on the history of timekeeping set out to create a sundial unlike anything the world has ever seen

BY DAVA SOBEL

THE FIRST TIME I MET WILLIAM ANDREWES, several years ago, he was wearing an inexpensive wristwatch with the cartoon figures Tintin and Snowy running across the dial. Since Andrewes then served as curator of Harvard University's Collection of Historical Scientific Instruments, his whimsical watch cut a ridiculous contrast with the important timekeepers he maintained, exhibited and also used as teaching aids in his course, "Instruments of Time and Space."

Though sundials have been around 3,000 years (a model at St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, England), William Andrewes (indicating the lateness of the hour in his garden in Concord, Massachusetts) is perhaps the first to build one showing the time in multiple places simultaneously.

MARK BOLTON / ALAMY; P. 89 JARED LEEDS

Long before it was known that the Earth orbits the Sun, dials showed the hour. Above, a second- century bronze Roman pocket dial. Left, a c. 1700 Parisian instrument for inscribing a sundial on a surface.

The dial's heyday was fanciful. Above, a 1661 polyhedral gilt bronze dial from Paris. Left, an ivory diptych dial, 1614, from Germany, has a lunar volvelle, allowing one to tell time by moonlight, and a compass.

Since leaving Harvard, in 1999, Andrewes, who is 56, has given up wearing a watch at all. At home, in Concord, Massachusetts, he can tell time well enough by a dozen or so antiques he keeps in good working order, and he says that while traveling he finds time "publicly available." When I saw him in October 2004 at Sotheby's in New York, for the seventh and final auction of the holdings of the now defunct Time Museum—the world's most comprehensive assemblage of timekeeping devices, dating from 3000 B.C. to the present—he was relying on his cellphone to keep appointments. "It allows you to tell time to the nearest minute," he assured me, "which is fine for civic purposes, though not sufficiently accurate for setting another clock."

Andrewes bid on several lots during that three-day auction, and almost everything he purchased, whether for himself or a client, he was buying for the second time; as the Time Museum's curator from 1977 to 1987, he had shopped the world to increase its collection from 1,300 to more than 3,500 items. Andrewes and his wife, Cathy, seated next to him that day at Sotheby's, could tie dozens of the museum's pieces to significant dates in their courtship and marriage and the births of their two children. They felt a special fondness for the clock Will had been restoring when they met—a 19th-century Christian Gebhard astronomical and automaton clock with 17 dials, 2 revolving globes, barometer, planetarium, date displays and figures performing each quarter and hour (including a religious procession every day at noon and a herald blowing a trumpet at midnight on New Year's Eve)—but it is nearly ten feet tall, more than eight feet long and far beyond their means. It sold for $142,400.

Despite Andrewes' long fascination with complex mechanical clockworks, he has recently taken what might seem a giant leap backward to become a "dialist," or maker of sundials. "My original goal in this," he said in response to my surprise, "was to produce an accurate timepiece with no moving parts—an original creation that combined art and science, drawing from the long traditions of both in its design, and incorporating the finest craftsmanship and latest technology in its construction." What really set his idea apart, however, was his intention to base the dial on an unusual type of map, and to center the map on the very spot where the dial would stand. The map's meridians of longitude would serve as the sundial's hour lines, creating a union of time and space for that particular location—something no dialist or clockmaker had ever before achieved.

A sundial is one of the oldest—it may be *the* oldest—of all scientific instruments. It depends on the Earth's rotation, although when it was first contrived, probably before 1500 B.C., its makers believed that the Sun revolved around

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DAVA SOBEL, *author of* Longitude *and* The Planets, *co-authored* The Illustrated Longitude *with William Andrewes.*

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a stationary Earth. Either way one envisions the heavens, the practice is the same: the Sun shines on the dial, and a protruding "gnomon" (from the Greek for "one who knows"—presumably one who knows what time it is) casts a shadow among the hour lines marked on a dial plate, indicating the time. What could be simpler? Or rather, what could be more deceptive than the apparent simplicity of this device? For in order to make the fallen shadow even approximate the correct time, the dial must be laid out with regard to latitude north or south of the Equator where it is to be used, respecting the changing high point of the Sun in the sky from day to day over the course of the year and the variable speed of the Earth's annual motion. There is nothing obvious about the construction of a proper sundial. Anyone who buys a mass-produced sundial and sets it out among the flower beds as a decoration should not be surprised to find that it fails to work.

The great variety of dial designs through history, according to the late science historian Derek de Solla Price, attests to the "aesthetic or religious satisfaction" that dialists must have derived from trying to simulate the heavens. Vitruvius, architect of ancient Rome, counted at least 13 dial styles already in use in Greece by 30 B.C. Then as now, a dial could be mounted vertically on the side of a building or set horizontally on a pedestal or the ground, and take virtually any shape—flat, spherical, conical or cylindrical. Some sundials were stationary, others movable, and many, like a sundial George Washington carried, were meant to fit in a pocket. Although weight-driven mechanical clocks were introduced in England around 1280, and became fixtures of public and private life by the 1600s, their proliferation sparked a boom in sundials. In the 1700s, after the inventions of the pendulum clock in The Hague and the balance spring in Paris inaugurated the era of precision timekeeping, sundials achieved even greater importance than before. "Just as the computer increased the need for the paper that some people thought it would replace," Andrewes says, "clocks—and later watches—greatly increased the demand for sundials, because every timekeeper needs, at some point, to be set correctly." A clock or watch may keep time, but only a sundial can *find* time—a distinctly different function—by deriving the hour from the relative positions of the Earth and Sun.

Today the work of measuring precise time has been relegated to government agencies such as the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C., the International Earth Rotation Service at the Paris Observatory and the Bureau International des Poids et Mesures in Sevres, France, all of which measure a second by the interval it takes a cesium atom to vibrate 9,192,631,770 times. Because the Earth goes its own way in space, however, heedless of atomic time, "leap seconds" are periodically added to our years to keep our clocks in sync with the turning of our planet. A sundial requires no such adjustment. "A sundial lets you see the Earth turn," Andrewes says. "Of course you know it's turning, but when you witness the shadow moving across the dial you feel something. Many people have no idea why the seasons occur—that the hemisphere tilted toward the Sun actually changes from winter to summer. Time has become separated from space, and I think that's a mistake."

Andrewes once worked with the biographer of John Harrison (above), the 18th-century clockmaker whose breakthrough chronometer solved the problem of finding longitude at sea.

ANDREWES' WORKSHOP, in the basement of his family's colonial-style home in Concord, accommodates a 3,000-volume reference library, banks of file cabinets, a desk with a computer and other office equipment, a conference table and his drafting table, lathe and workbench. Sundial parts lie everywhere, along with an accumulation of clocks he has bought, or built himself, or saved for sentimental reasons, such as a 19th-century cuckoo clock that belonged to his parents—the first clock he ever took apart.

Though clocks surround him, Andrewes says he doesn't pay that much attention to time. "Clockmakers are the least time-conscious people," he says, "because in the end it does not matter how much time it takes to build a timepiece, but only that it turn out beautifully and show none of the angst that went into it. Engineers are happy if they make something that works, and many tend not to care what the inside bits look like, but clockmakers attend to all the hidden details, even on parts that will never be seen unless the clock is dismantled. To be a clockmaker is to work not just for yourself or your client, but also for someone else far in the future, someone who knows enough to judge your work, and who will look at something you've made someday and—you hope—say, 'That was done right.'"

As a teenager in North London, where Andrewes spent school vacations assisting a local clockmaker, his hero was John Harrison, the 18th-century clockmaker who solved the problem of finding longitude at sea by creating the first accurate marine chronometer. By age 19, Andrewes

WILL ANDREWES COLLECTION

Beyond Time

A unique sundial marks places as well as hours

William Andrewes' Longitude Dial tells time—assuming the Sun is shining—but it also does something no other dial can do: it tells place. As the daylight hours pass, the telltale shadow cast by the wire, or gnomon, moves across a laser-etched map; wherever that longitudinal shadow falls, it's noon. Part of what makes this feat possible is that the dial is custom-built for its location, with that very spot serving as the center of a computer-generated map on the dial face. In this dial, customized for a client in New York State, the gnomon's shadow indicates it's 11:45 a.m. at the dial's home base. Wherever the gnomon's shadow falls on the map, it's noon, and where it crosses, the degree scale marks the longitude of those places. The spherical shadow in South America, cast by the round bead on the gnomon, indicates where the Sun is precisely overhead.

ROMAN NUMERALS
Indicate the hour, when the gnomon's shadow falls on them. Minutes are marked by Arabic numerals.

CALENDAR CIRCLE
This ring is encircled with the number of minutes added or subtracted to convert solar time (as shown on a sundial) to so-called mean time (as kept by clocks and watches).

SUMMER SOLSTICE
The shadow of the gnomon's bead traces the Tropic of Cancer on this day, June 21. The time of the day's sunrise and sunset are also indicated on the ring encircling the hours and minutes.

DEGREE SCALE
Marks the longitude of those locations under the gnomon's shadow.

GNOMON

had befriended Harrison's biographer, Humphrey Quill, a past master in the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers, a guild. Quill, by then elderly, placed Andrewes under the guidance of world-renowned watchmaker George Daniels, and also entrusted the youth with an unfinished Harrison clock—an early wooden regulator abandoned around 1720—for him to complete as his formal initiation into horology, the science of precision timekeeping. After Andrewes graduated from the Kingston College of Art in 1972, he taught design, clockmaking and metalwork at Eton College. The commission he won from the Royal Mint to create three medals commemorating the 300th anniversary, in 1975, of the Royal Observatory, in Greenwich, led to his taking charge of the observatory's historical collection of chronometers and precision clocks.

In 1977, Andrewes moved to the United States to head the Time Museum, in Rockford, Illinois, at the invitation of its founder, Seth G. Atwood, a manufacturer of hardware and automobile parts. At the museum, housed in a hotel Atwood owned then called the Clock Tower Inn, Andrewes looked after hourglasses, water clocks, fire clocks, incense clocks, oil lamp clocks, electric clocks and atomic clocks, in addition to many marvelous mechanical clocks, 65 of which were kept running abreast of time, meaning they had to be set forward an hour every spring and turned back an hour in the fall.

The museum contained about 100 sundials. They ranged from a fifth-century Greco-Byzantine vertical dial to a brass and silvered-brass mechanical equinoctial standing ring dial, made by Richard Glynne about 1720 for Archibald Campbell, the Earl of Ilay, whose arms and initials were elaborately incorporated into its shining design, and which told the time with a focused pinhole of light instead of a shadow.

Andrewes modeled his business card on a sundial devised by 15-century astronomer Johannes Müller, or Re-

STEVEN PITKIN STUDIO / (SOME IDENTIFYING INFORMATION ON THE DIAL HAS BEEN BLURRED TO PROTECT THE OWNER'S PRIVACY.)

An inspiration for Andrewes' Longitude Dial was a 1610 map by Nuremberg mathematician Franz Ritter. It placed his city at the center, so that the meridians of longitude emanating from the North Pole could also serve as the hour lines of a Nuremberg sundial.

giomontanus. Andrewes' folded card, which exceeded the usual business-card dimensions even before it was opened, allowed recipients to convert it into a working sundial with the addition of a needle and thread according to directions printed on the back. Later, when Atwood's daughter announced her engagement, Andrewes designed a toast-rack sundial as a wedding present. "It was a square dial of the horizontal type," he recalls. "Instead of numbers, it was inlaid with different woods that helped you count the hours, and its triangular gnomon was cut with vertical slots, to hold your toast."

Toward the end of 1986, Atwood curtailed the museum's collecting and publishing activities. "Seth Atwood is the only person I know who was infected by the horological virus and later recovered," Andrewes says. "For most collectors, death is the only cure." The next year, Andrewes was appointed curator of Harvard's historic scientific instrument collection. The wealth of sundials there—more than 700—exceeded anything he had previously overseen. In 1992, Andrewes supervised the publication of a catalog covering a small subset of these: *Ivory Diptych Sundials 1570-1750*, with text by Steven Lloyd and hundreds of photographs, describing 82 tiny folding contrivances gathered from Germany, France, Italy and other countries, each bearing its own time design in blue, red, green and brown, with a string for a gnomon and a built-in compass to point it north. The following year, Andrewes organized a Longitude Symposium that drew 500 participants from 17 countries to celebrate the tercentenary of John Harrison's birth, and later he published an annotated edition of the proceedings, *The Quest for Longitude*.

His delving into that subject helped revive Andrewes' own sundial idea, what he calls the Longitude Dial. His original inspiration came from a 1610 map that University of Wisconsin cartographer David Woodward had once shown him. That map and others by the mathematician Franz Ritter are the oldest known examples of a gnomonic projection. They appear in Ritter's how-to book on sundials, *Speculum Solis* (*Mirror of the Sun*), published in Nuremberg, Germany. Ritter's map placed Nuremberg at the

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"To be a clockmaker is to work not just for yourself or your client," says Andrewes (in his workshop), "but also for someone else far in the future, someone who knows enough to judge your work." His smallest Longitude Dial (opposite) costs at least $15,500.

center of the Western Hemisphere. The farthest reaches of the map's landmasses look grossly distorted as a result, but the novel perspective causes the meridians of longitude to radiate out from the North Pole in straight lines, so they can double as the hour lines of a sundial. Ritter's innovative pairing of time and place might well have impressed any dialist, but it struck Andrewes with the force of a revelation. And although Ritter intended his gnomonic projection as the basis for a novel sundial, he seems never to have built one. Andrewes knew of no such dial anywhere. But he determined to make one.

It's a measure of the astonishing recent progress in computing that the first gnomonic projection that Andrewes commissioned—in 1979—was such an onerous undertaking that it was created on the University of Wisconsin's supercomputer, by Woodward. By the time Andrewes returned to dialing in earnest more than 20 years later, a gnomonic projection map could be drafted at home on a laptop in just minutes, thanks to Geocart, a cartography program developed by Daniel Strebe of Mapthematics in Renton, Washington. (Today, the gnomonic projection finds its most common application in aviation.) With Geocart, Andrewes realized he could design a dial plate for any location in the world. As a test, he created a paper-and-cardboard prototype for the coordinates of the hotel in which he and his family planned to vacation in Crete. "Everyone else was sunbathing," Cathy Andrewes recalled of that 2002 summer vacation. "William was balancing paper sundials on trash cans at the beach, trying to keep them from blowing away." Even after sunset he busied himself with the dial, since he had fitted it with an attachment, called a lunar volvelle, for telling time by moonlight. By August, he had convinced himself that the basic design was sound.

Inspired by the look of his favorite historical instruments, Andrewes arrayed the Roman numerals for the hours in a ring around the map, by hand, drawing their vertical strokes so they all pointed to the North Pole, and rendering their serifs concentric with the center of the dial. He wanted the small Arabic numerals that counted off ten-

JARED LEEDS

minute intervals to bow and tilt according to their longitude, and likewise the tiers of tiny tick marks subdividing the larger intervals into individual minutes. Decorative flourishes shaped like tridents or fleurs-de-lis, inserted at the half-hour points, would change their orientation and shape according to their distance from the pole. Andrewes appealed to Strebe, who, with his colleague Paul Messmer, created a "sundial plug-in" for Adobe Illustrator that lets Andrewes automatically adapt his hour-ring artwork to any number of locations with only minor adjustments.

Then he cast about for the right stone. "I thought it had to be bright stone," he recalled. "Most sundials are made of light-colored materials because those show off a shadow to best advantage. I'd gone down to see this wonderful chap in Newport, one of the great monument stonecutters in America. I wanted him to cut a dial for me by hand in granite. He took one look at the design—the map, the numerals, the precision constraints for the minute ticks—and said, 'You must be mad.'" Andrewes turned to establishments where stonecutting had been mechanized and modernized, namely the manufacturers of cemetery memorials. On a visit to Rock of Ages in Methuen, New Hampshire, he learned that black gabbro stone could be etched by laser. What's more, it displayed the unusual property of turning white where laser-etched, so that every incision appeared both cut-in and painted-on. "That was the turning point," Andrewes said. The map's white continents would stand out from dark seas, and decorations too delicate to be chiseled in stone could be transferred to it from pen-and-ink drawings by a carbon-dioxide laser's white light. The finished dial plate, polished to a mirror-like luster and water-sealed, would show off a gnomon shadow as well as any pale-colored stone could do. Gary Hahn, a stone artisan in New Hampshire, has since become Andrewes' collaborator. Together they found a source of superior gabbro from China. Andrewes' friend and colleague Linn Hobbs, a materials scientist and nuclear engineer at MIT, advised him on how best to attach metal parts to the dial and pedestal.

Andrewes has built ten Longitude Dials in the past two years and delivered these to clients in England, Spain, Connecticut, Maryland, New York State and California. Each is a precision timepiece without hands—a wheel of polished black stone bearing a laser-etched map that centers its intended location inside a private time universe, where the hours pass visibly minute by minute on a ring of Roman numerals reminiscent of an elegant 18th-century watch face. In addition to giving the correct time, each dial acknowledges an important moment in its owner's life—a wedding anniversary, a birthday—by casting an annual commemorative shadow along a customized date line. "It's a magnificent thing, a unique type of instrument that does not seem to have been built ever before," says Bruce Chandler, a mathematician at the City University of New York.

Andrewes builds his signature dial in three sizes, the largest of which is nearly four feet across and costs at least $50,000 with its pedestal and base. The smaller, garden dial also stands on a permanent pedestal and base, and starts at about $30,000. The petite terrace dial, only a foot in diameter, has adjustable brass feet, along with a tiny spirit level tucked in a drawer underneath, that help it accommodate to a slanting tabletop or a sloping porch. In its handmade wooden presentation box, it starts at $15,500.

A LONGITUDE DIAL sits in my backyard atop a granite pedestal centered on a patio Andrewes designed in the style of a compass rose. Andrewes typically visits the site of any proposed garden or monument dial, paces around to pick the most Sun-favored spot and fixes its position with a hand-held GPS. But he downloaded my latitude and longitude from a computer database of ordinance survey maps. The coordinates became the raw data for the gnomonic projection centered on the house where I've lived for the past 20 years—and now may never leave, since its location is set in stone on my dial, with the latitude and longitude expressed in degrees, minutes and seconds of arc. It was plotted to work just here and nowhere else. In this sense it is a far more personal possession than the wristwatch I wear every day. And lovelier too. Early in the morning, I find the dew has collected on the continents, clouds floating overhead are reflected in the dial, and I can read the wind's direction by their passage. The gold-plated bead on the gnomon wire throws a small round shadow on the part of the map where the Sun is precisely overhead. The bead's shadow will cross the map along the straight line of the Equator each year on the days of the vernal and autumnal equinox, and on June 21, the summer solstice, it will trace out the curved Tropic of Cancer. Because I consult my dial most in warm-weather months, when daylight saving time is usually in effect, I chose to have it constructed to that system.

"With each dial I discover some new technique that makes me want to redo the earlier ones," Andrewes says. "But of course I can't do that." He can, however, incorporate innovations in the next dials, such as the monument-size one that has just been commissioned for an English country house. "The joy for me—and one of the most exciting things about a good sundial—is that once it's leveled and oriented correctly, it will never fail you when the Sun is shining. If anything goes wrong with the Earth, this dial will show it. You could be among the first to know. But if that suddenly happens, don't call me. Pray."

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Doctor Feelgood

Stricken by "vile melancholy," the 18th-century critic and raconteur Samuel Johnson pioneered a modern therapy **BY JOHN GEIRLAND**

MEL GIBSON DID IT. Brooke Shields too. So did Uma Thurman, Ben Stiller and Carrie Fisher. They and dozens of other celebrities have all come forward, in books or on TV, to discuss their struggles with alcoholism, or drug addiction, or postpartum depression, or other long dark nights of the soul. Quite possibly, misery has never loved company more than in American pop culture right now. So strong is our preference for redemptive narratives of adversity overcome that after James Frey's purported memoir *A Million Little Pieces* was revealed to contain a pack of fabrications, it returned to the *New York Times* nonfiction bestseller list for an encore appearance.

Johnson studied medicine to manage his own case, paying "particular attention to the diseases of the imagination."

"DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON," 1775. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

Samuel Johnson was no Mel Gibson, but his biography includes the makings of a modern celebrity sobfest: birth into poverty; a host of ailments, both physical and psychological; and, of course, the burdens of fame. In his time (1709-84), Dr. Johnson was a renowned critic, biographer, moral philosopher and creator of *A Dictionary of the English Language*. He was also known to be a bit strange. But in his moments of crisis, he issued no statements through his publicist (or his protégé and future biographer, James Boswell), and he declined to retreat into solitude; instead, he fashioned his own recovery, in ways that anticipate popular currents in contemporary psychology.

Johnson went on to write about happiness and melancholy, joining a larger Enlightenment dialogue on those topics among such luminaries as Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau and Jeremy Bentham. (Like our own time, the 18th century was preoccupied with the idea of happiness.) His writings don't provide the drama of, say, addiction-induced kleptomania, but they do offer a refreshing contrast to the current template for melodramatized suffering and contentment. With diligent effort and keen insight into the workings of the mind, Johnson simply figured out how to work around his afflictions and make himself happy.

HE STARTED OUT with the odds against him. "I was born almost dead and could not cry for some time," he recalled late in life. In infancy, scrofulous lymph nodes were found in his neck and attributed to the tuberculosis of his wet

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"To have the management of the mind is a great art," he told Boswell, "and it may be attained in a considerable degree by . . . habitual exercise."

nurse. He was transported to Queen Anne's presence in the belief, common at the time, that the royal touch could cure "the King's Evil," as scrofula was called. All his life he had poor vision and hearing. Bizarre tics, odd vocalizations ("too too too," he muttered when excited) and wild gestures rendered his appearance, one observer said, "little better than that of an idiot."

But Johnson was a precocious lad. He read prodigiously, mastered Latin ("My master whipt me very well," he told Boswell) and was so helpful to his fellow students that they carried him to school in gratitude. Neurologists now believe that Johnson's convulsions and odd behavior were symptoms of Tourette's syndrome, a disorder first identified in 1885 by George Gilles de la Tourette. Johnson's contemporaries left vivid accounts of its effects on him: "His vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards, his feet never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor," wrote Fanny Burney, the English diarist and novelist. Frances Reynolds, sister of the painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, recorded the curious method by which Johnson led a blind member of his household through a doorway: "On entering Sir Joshua's house with poor Mrs. Williams . . . he would quit her hand, or else whirl her about on the steps as he whirled and twisted about to perform his gesticulations; and as soon as

"I have tried it frequently, with good effect," James Boswell (right) wrote of Johnson's advice on emotional matters.

he had finished, he would give a sudden spring, and make such an extensive stride over the threshold, as if he was trying for a wager to see how far he could stride."

As if his oddness were not enough, Johnson inherited from his father, Michael Johnson, what he called a "vile melancholy," which, he confided to Boswell, made him "mad all his life." Johnson's first major depressive episode occurred at age 20 while he was on vacation from Oxford, where he was an impoverished but extremely well-read student. Johnson, Boswell wrote, "felt himself overwhelmed with an horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness, and impatience; and with a dejection, gloom and despair, which made existence misery."

But even in this early period, Johnson exhibited a genius for self-analysis. He wrote up his own case in Latin and gave it to his physician and godfather, Dr. Samuel Swinfen. The doctor was "so much struck with the extraordinary acuteness, research, and eloquence of this paper," writes Boswell, "that in his zeal for his godson he shewed it to several people." Naturally, Johnson was furious.

The gloom lifted, and it may be just as well that Johnson didn't seek further medical help after the gross violation of doctor-patient confidentiality. The preferred treatments for melancholy in his time were purges, emetics, bleedings and physical punishment.

Johnson prepared to manage his

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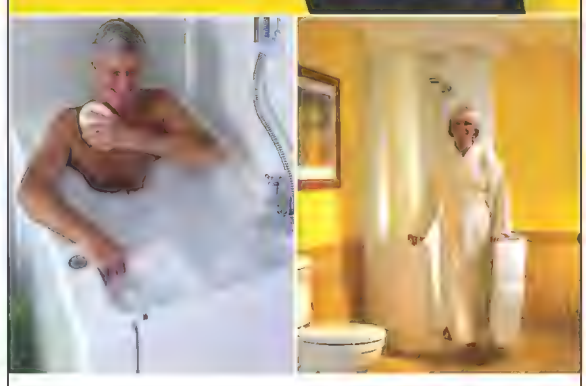

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own case, a contemporary noted, by studying medicine "diligently in all its branches," giving "particular attention to the diseases of the imagination." His greatest fear was that he might lose his reason, for it was his powerful intellect that allowed him to keep a grip on sanity. "To have the management of the mind is a great art," he told Boswell, "and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise." Johnson would have agreed wholeheartedly with the sentiment of the Greek philosopher Epictetus, who wrote: "People are not disturbed by things, but by the view they take of them." This is the idea at the heart of cognitive-behavioral therapy, a pragmatic, short-term form of psychotherapy now widely used to treat a host of psychological problems.

Cognitive-behavior therapists believe that emotional disturbances are caused by "distortions in thinking," erroneous beliefs or interpretations that can trigger anxiety, depression or anger. Take a patient who tells himself: "I got a parking ticket; nothing turns out well for me." Cognitive-behavior therapists refer to this as "catastrophic thinking." It is the therapist's task to help the patient replace such distortions with more realistic interpretations, as in, "It's too bad I got a ticket, but it's a

Johnson (at right) spent many a night at the Mitre Tavern, heeding his own good advice: "If you are idle, be not solitary."

small matter in the scheme of things."

Johnson sometimes played cognitive-behavior therapist to the fretful Boswell. On one such occasion, Boswell arrived at Johnson's London home upset and uneasy. He'd had a run-in with his landlord and resolved not to spend another night in his rooms. Johnson laughed. "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence." This insight made a big impression on Boswell. "Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations," he wrote. "I have tried it frequently, with good effect."

Johnson often touched on psychological matters in *The Rambler*, a twice-weekly pamphlet that he published between 1750 and 1752. Typical is *Rambler #29*, in which he used cool reasoning and striking imagery to show the folly of catastrophic thinking about future misfortunes. "Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current."

He believed that idleness provided

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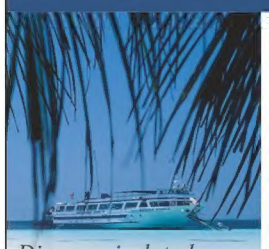

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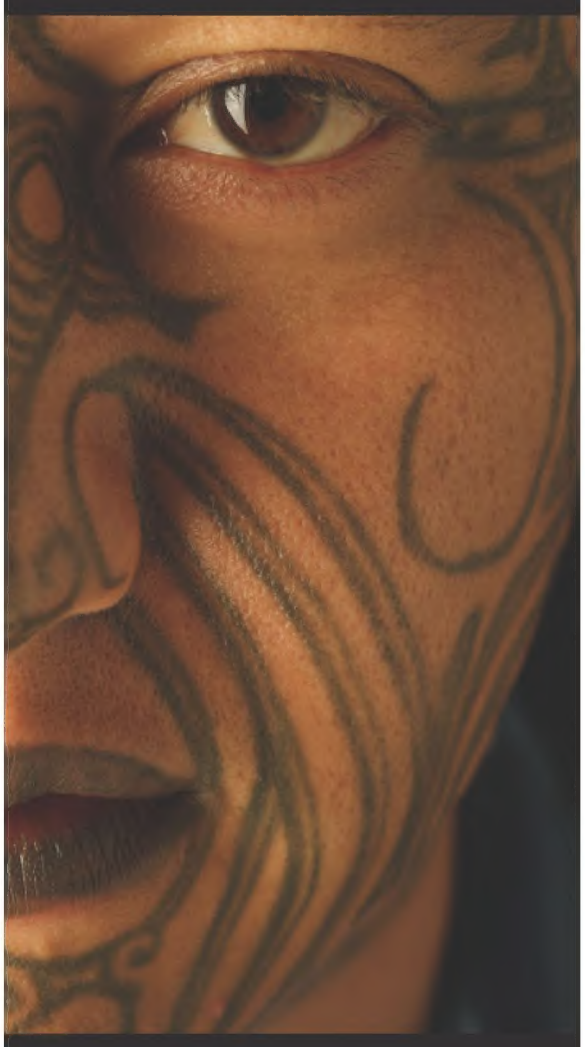

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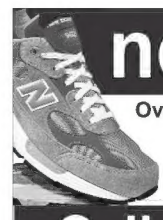
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fertile ground for the melancholy that threatened to consume him. "It is certain that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied," he wrote in *Rambler #85*. He formulated and lived by a simple mantra: "If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle."

A childless widower in midlife—his wife, Tetty, more than 20 years his senior, died in 1752—Johnson gathered an odd household of characters that became a kind of surrogate family for him. There was his young servant, Frank Barber; the blind Welsh poetess Anna Williams, whose habit of using her finger to judge how much tea to pour in a cup offended Boswell; Robert Levett, a dissolute physician to the poor, and later the penniless widow Elizabeth Desmoulins, the hapless Dr. Swinfen's daughter. They were a motley lot, but he was fond of them.

Johnson also gathered a wide support network of friends throughout London society. He filled his evenings with an endless round of dinner parties and was a founding member of the famous Literary Club—Edmund Burke, Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith and Boswell were members—in which he found sociability, amusement and a forum for displaying his rhetorical skills. "There is no arguing with Johnson," Goldsmith observed, "for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He loved to talk and to eat, but "most important of all," wrote biographer Joseph Wood Krutch, Johnson "won hours of freedom from his own sick mind."

But he could not escape solitude entirely. When alone he sought, as Boswell put it, "constant occupation of mind." Naturally, he was a voracious reader. He was also an enthusiastic amateur chemist, often befouling his rooms with noxious fumes. He engaged in a variety of nonchemical experiments, too, once shaving the hair around his right nipple in order to observe how long it took to grow back. A diary entry for July 26, 1768, reads: "I shaved my nail by accident in whetting

the knife, about an eighth of an inch from the bottom, and about a fourth from the top. This I measure that I may know the growth of nails."

Johnson's various investigations provided occasions for what psychologist Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi calls the "autotelic experience," or "flow," a state in which the individual has "intense emotional involvement" in a rewarding, goal-directed activity. Flow "lifts the course of life to a different level," Csikszentmihalyi writes. "Alienation gives way to involvement, enjoyment replaces boredom, helplessness turns into a feeling of control, and psychic energy works to reinforce the sense of self, instead of being lost in the service of external goals. . . . Concentration is so intense that there is no attention left over to think about anything irrelevant, or to worry about problems."

What saved Johnson, time and again, was his ability to step back and view his illness objectively, a talent he exhibited notably when he suffered a stroke near the end of his life. He described the episode in a letter to a friend: "I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties."

He never lost his reason or his zest for human connection. And he kept a clear vision of what would keep him happy: "If . . . I had no duties, and no reference to futurity," he told Boswell, "I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation."

JOHN GEIRLAND, *a writer based in Los Angeles, has a doctorate in social psychology.*

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Desperately Seeking . . .

And other true-life personals from across the Pond

BY DAVID ROSE

The *London Review of Books* began publishing personal ads in October 1998. The first one it received was from a man "on the lookout for a contortionist who plays the trumpet," setting a tone that has marked the *LRB*'s personals ever since. A collection of them has just been published under the title *They Call Me Naughty Lola*, excerpted here:

I'm just a girl who can't say "no" (or "anaesthetist"). Lisping Rodgers and Hammerstein fan, female lecturer in politics (37) would like to meet man to [age] 40 for thome enthanted evenington. Box no. 2498.

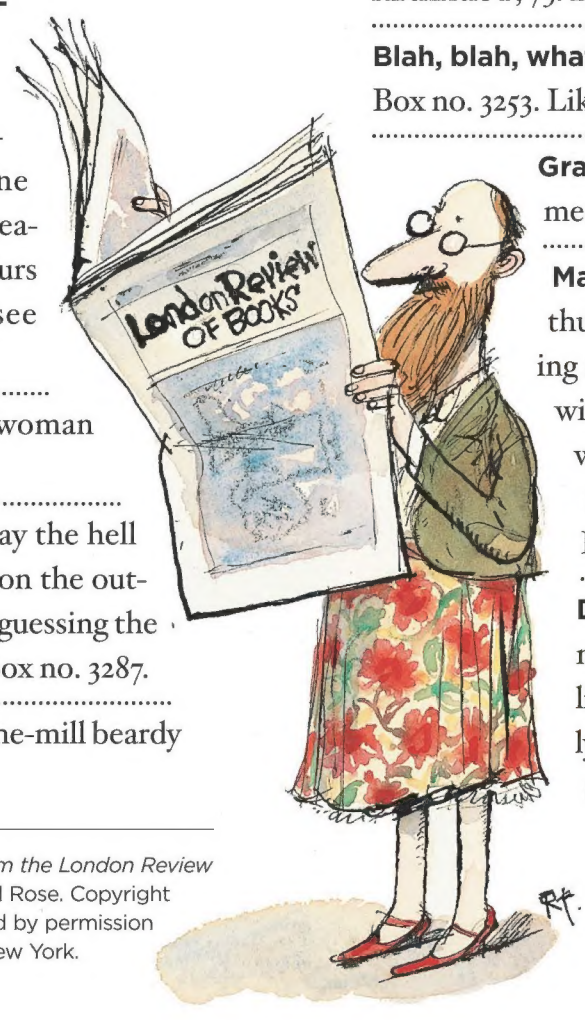
I've divorced better men than you. And worn more expensive shoes than these. So don't think placing this ad is the biggest comedown I've ever had to make. Sensitive F, 34. Box no. 6322.

Beneath this hostile museum curator's exterior lies a hostile museum curator's interior. We meet at the coat check and never—and I mean never—deviate from the mapped route. Zone one: Ancient Egypt. Zone two: the Treasures of Greece. Zone three: guided tours only, keep your hands where I can see them. F, 38. Box no. 3542.

Virtually complete male, 63, seeks woman with spares and shed. Box no. 7923.

Employed in publishing? Me too. Stay the hell away. Man on the inside seeks woman on the outside who likes milling around hospitals guessing the illnesses of outpatients. 30-35. Leeds. Box no. 3287.

They call me Naughty Lola. Run-of-the-mill beardy physicist (M, 46). Box no. 4023.



RICHARD THOMPSON

"Look, mother, I'm sorry for failing my medical exams, but not being a doctor doesn't make me any less of a son." Tired of partners who talk in their sleep? Meet insomniac woman (51) who's heard it all before. If you sleep like a log, or currently take lots of medication after 10 p.m., write me and we can both get some rest. Box no. 4312.

Unashamed triumphalist male for the past 46 years. Will I bore you? Probably. Do I care? Probably not. Box no. 4321.

Not everyone appearing in this column is a deranged, cross-dressing sociopath. Let me know if you find one and I'll strangle him with my bra. Man, 56. Box no. 3221.

List your ten favourite albums. I don't want to compare notes, I just want to know if there's anything worth keeping when we finally break up. Practical, forward-thinking man, 35. Box no. 8089.

Mid-fifties man. Recently discovered guilt. Can't wait to try it out. Box no. 7297.

So many men to choose from, so few vitamin supplements. Arthritic F, 73. Box no. 6133.

Blah, blah, whatever. Indifferent woman. Go ahead and write. Box no. 3253. Like I care.

Grave disappointment all round would like to meet serious mistake in a nightie. Box no. 6453.

Male LRB readers: Drawing little faces on your thumbs, getting them to order meals, then shouting at them for not being able to pay is no way to win a woman. You know who you are. Men to 40 with working credit cards, reply to once-bitten, twice-bitten, three-strikes-and-you're-all-out F, 35. Box no. 1379.

Don't reply to this ad—it's a fake. Just like the man who placed it. Deny nothing, regret all, but live to fight another day with phenomenologically ashamed, melanin-deprived, testosterone-poisoned scion of the patriarchal ruling class system (32, Worcester). Box no. 7590.

How can I follow that? Man, 47. Gives up easily. Box no. 9547.

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